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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 13, 1967

40 CENTS





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SHIRT TAILS THIS MUCH LONGER

Any man who hates to have his shirt tails keep creeping out will pay \$1 more for this Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

Had a heated argument with Abercrombie & Fitch's president about this. This shirt costs about \$1 more than shirts that look much like it.

I claim that a person would pay \$1 more for the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt because it is without any question, doubt, or scurrying the world's most luxurious sport shirt. Warm, lush, not scratchy.

Single needle stitching wherever there's a stitch. Special contoured collar that stays contoured even when you wash it.

Hand-turned — or put it another way — cuffs that are turned by hand, and double buttoned.



Deeper, take-more-fabric-to-do-it button pockets to hold the 100 meter cigarette packs. All the plaids are perfectly matched — yoke and pockets line up splat on the pattern. Rich Viyella flannel blended of 55% Merino wool and 45% long staple cotton woven in England.

In two words — the most luxurious sport shirt in the world. (That's eight words.) No matter — the president of Abercrombie & Fitch says it's the shirt tails that do it.

Claims that any man who hunts, golfs, rakes, or racquets steams right into the next county when his shirt tails keep creeping out.

"Make them put longer shirt tails on this shirt, so they won't keep pulling out every time you move. That's what makes this shirt worth \$21."

Well — he's our president. And he's a sportsman. I still say that it's because this is the most luxurious

shirt you can own. The Abercrombie Shirt of Viyella. S, M, L, XL — use the coupon below. Phone. Or visit any of our stores. \$21 — a marvelously fine Christmas present.

Tartans: MacVanish (dark gray/maroon/gold), MacAlister (burnt orange/gray/gold), MacKnight (black/brown/tan/red), MacDavid (blue/gray/tan), Kilgour (muted olive/white), Black Watch (black/green/blue), Campbell Dress (green/white/blue), Royal Stuart (red/blue). \$21

Solid colors: Copper glow, storm blue, autumn corn, Thomas navy, peat green, winter white, sand, hunter red. \$17



SPI

Please send me the Abercrombie Viyella Shirt.

QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR	PRICE

add sales tax where applicable TOTAL

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

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Best of all is skiing's most reassuring guarantee—edges and laminations Guaranteed for Life and breakage Guaranteed for 2 Years. Nobody works on Holidays but Holidays work for you—for life! \$119.50.



hart holiday GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

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Next week

THE LAST CHALLENGE for mighty Damascus, who has won on every other surface, is the Laurel turf as he meets a seven-nation field in the Washington, D.C. International race

USC vs. UCLA is college football's most anticipated game. Dan Jenkins previews the battle with a look at this fervent L.A. rivalry and the schools, coaches and players involved

ALWAYS ON SUNDAY, Ed Sabol of NFL Films and his crew are busy filming pro football games, from which they select the highlight plays of the week for presentation on television.

SHOPWALK

If you want to cruise the Caribbean this winter, now is the time to plan

Chartering a yacht for a Caribbean cruise is less complicated than many people think. You can, in fact, keep it quite simple by dealing with just one charter agent and by not confusing things, as some neophytes tend to do, by consulting two simultaneously. The best Caribbean charter agents are on cooperative terms with each other, and if one does not have the boat you want, he will scout around to find one who has.

Before you choose an agent you should decide in which region you wish to cruise. Caribbean sailing is divided into two main areas, the Virgin Islands and the Antigua-Grenada region. It is only on the rarest occasions that the charterer cruises over from one to the other.

There is a good reason for this. Between Anegada, at the northeast corner of the British Virgins group, and Anguilla and St. Martin to the southeast, lies Anegada Passage. Even seasoned Caribbean sailors treat this strait with respect, and it is no place for the newcomer.

On either side of the passage, however, the pleasure-bound yachtsman will find what has often been called "the finest cruising grounds in the world." You need never relinquish sight of land, there are strings of excellent harbors, and there are those non-fetitious, ever-dependable trade winds that blow reliably from a predictable direction at least 360 days of the year.

Which area you choose depends only on your whim or the length of time you wish to sail. If it is just a week, the Virgin Islands are ideal. Closely rivaling them, and growing rapidly in popularity, are the Grenadines, confided in the sea (there are about 600 of them) between the islands of St. Vincent and Grenada.

On a two-week sail for instance, you can make the run from Grenada to Antigua or vice versa. But better still is taking in just a segment of this 300-mile, north-south stretch. Save another segment for another year. Popular possibilities are Antigua to Martinique, or the reverse. As for where you embark or debark on such a cruise, the choice is yours, but you must make it at the time of chartering.

What kind of yacht? The selection ranges from 35-foot sloops to 110-foot schooners, with most in the 50- to 60-foot range. Among all-time favorites are *Harbinger*, a 93-foot auxiliary Marconi-rigged ketch, *Spearhead*, a 49-foot Bermuda-rigged trimaran, *Shango*, a 51-foot ketch, *Corvus*, the 51-foot water ship of Irving Johnson's new *Yankee*, *Akwa*, a 36-foot Bermudian cutter, and *Lord Jim*, a 72-foot gaff schooner. Interesting newcomers include *Stuyfzand*, a 40-foot auxiliary Newporter ketch,

continued

The Cold Capsule You Wear.

duofold New 2-Layer Cold-Weather T-Shirt



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The career camera

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Whatever your career or career ambitions, if you are in earnest about photography, the Nikon F system offers limitless capabilities upon which you can draw. See your Nikon dealer, or write for details.

Nikon F shown with new "center-weighted" Photomic TV thru-the lens exposure system.

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SHOPWALK

West by North, a 49-foot cutter-rigged, Alben-designed Sea Sailer; and the "world's largest trimaran," the 65-foot *Tropyk*, which will carry up to 10 passengers, all in spacious double staterooms. All of these, naturally, come complete with skipper and crew.

Or maybe you are the kind of pro who would like to do it himself? There are bareboat charters available, but you must definitely prove your prowess beforehand to the charter agent. In St. Thomas, Caribbean Sailing Yachts has a spanking new fleet of 14 identical Chris-Craft Capris. The Boat-house there also has a number of bareboats, as does Island Yachts, which is building up a fine group of Robb 35s (built by Cheoy Lee of Hong Kong). Island Yachts in Grenada has several bareboats, too, but, again, you must prove yourself first.

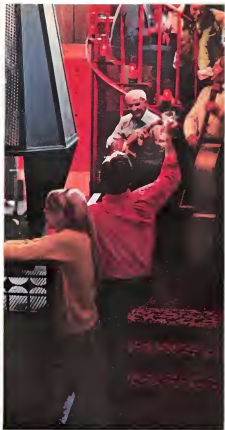
What will it cost? A week's charter for two can cost from \$50 to \$70 per person per day. The average for two aboard runs just below \$60. However, you will find prices as high as \$95 per person per day, two aboard. Prices generally drop perceptibly for parties of four or more (most charter groups consist of two compatible couples). Four aboard runs from \$27 to \$42 per day per person, with the average around \$36. Exceptions go from \$50 per day per person down to \$25.

Windward Island Tours' one-week-aboard, one-week-ashore package (including breakfast, lunch and maid-cook ashore) costs from \$21 to \$41 per person per day for four. For two aboard, from \$31 to \$49. The above figures represent overall expenses. However, you will find some charter agents do not include food in the charter fee they quote, so be sure to double-check this point.

Bareboat charters are \$475 a week at Caribbean Sailing Yachts, from \$325 to \$450 at The Boat-house, from \$375 to \$550 at Island Yachts—all on St. Thomas, from \$325 to \$375 at Island Yachts, Grenada. Food and liquor are, of course, extra, and there are a few incidental expenses such as fuel. There is also an insurance deposit of \$250 at both The Boat-house and Island Yachts, \$200 at Caribbean.

Caribbean charter agents who are well established in the field include: Blue Water Cruises, Box 758H, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801; Caribbean Sailing Yachts, Box 2326, St. Thomas, V.I. 00802; Island Yachts, Box 1512, St. Thomas, V.I. 00802; The Boat-house, Box 2393, St. Thomas, V.I. 00802 (U.S. air-mail rates to Virgin Islands); V.E. B. Nicholson & Sons, P.O. Box 103, St. John's, Antigua, W.I.; Island Yachts Inc., Box 11, St. George's, Grenada, W.I.; Windward Island Tours, Grenville St., St. George's, Grenada, W.I.; Grenada Yacht Services, St. George's, Grenada, W.I. (West Indies air-mail postage is 12c for half an ounce).

—EUGENIA BRIDELL



Have a snowball. Pack up for a United Ski-lift Holiday.

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The new Northland National: A surprisingly different metal ski!

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Better ideas in design led our engineers to proportion the side camber, shovel width, core thickness, and flex to the exact length of each National ski. Think about that. We don't just build a single prototype, as others do, then shorten or lengthen it. We build a perfectly proportioned ski for each increment of length. Result? The right ski, a better performing ski, regardless of length.

Our engineers also developed a channeled groove on the P-Tex bottoms of the National. Unlike conventional curved grooves, channeling provides more precise, accurate tracking. And 90° continuous hidden steel edges make carved turns natural and effortless.

Better ideas in materials, such as the addition of latex rubber to the tips and heels, conquer vibration and chatter, the traditional scourge of metal skis. To top it off, the National's surfaces are Norlar, a special ski plastic that's tougher and more attractive than other ski plastics.

We know of no other recreational ski that is built with more precision or offers more skiing pleasure, season after season.

Our totally-engineered Northland National costs just \$90. Surprise.

NORTHLAND

DIVISION OF LARSON INDUSTRIES, INC.
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Photo: Gary S. Swenson. Illustration: John F. North. Photo: North. Photo: North.

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From Monaco to Mexico, the Grand Prix racing circuit is a grueling one. Takes a special combination of man and machine to win the title of World's Champion . . . plus . . . dependable power in the fuel tank.

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Sure helps to put a Tiger in your tank when you need that extra power for safe passing or safe freeway entry. And you don't have to follow the Grand Prix races to find him. The Enco Extra gasoline at your nearby Enco service station is blended by the

same people who put the Tiger in Denis Hulme's tank. And now, Enco Extra has a cleaning agent that actually cleans your entire fuel system . . . to give you the kind of performance and mileage, with continued use, that's superior to any gasoline we've ever made. Make a pit stop at the Enco

Sign, and see why the world's best drivers go with the Tiger.



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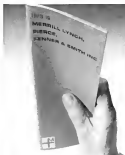
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Merrill Lynch is also able to channel orders from any of its 167 world-

wide offices, electronically, *direct* to its floorbrokers' booth nearest the spot where your stock is traded.

This combined superiority of electronics and number of floorbrokers means that, on almost any active stock, Merrill Lynch can generally offer you *faster* executions than any other broker. Record time for filling a West Coast order: 14 seconds.

10. Merrill Lynch takes part, on average, in one out of every six trades on the Big Board—a far greater volume of business than any other broker. Since every Merrill Lynch floorbroker handles orders in only about 90 stocks, he has a good feel for the market in those stocks. Also, when he concludes a trade, there's little chance that anyone can guess whether he is representing one of a million private investors—or a billion-dollar corporation.

11. Merrill Lynch can often save investors money on over-the-counter transactions. When acting as your agent, Merrill Lynch always checks at least three other brokers to try to get you the best price. When Merrill Lynch is a principal, and you are buying from us or selling to us, we think you'll find our price quote as good as that of any other dealer, in many cases better.

12. Merrill Lynch offers its customers more stocks "commission-free to the buyer" than any other broker. Merrill Lynch handles more *exchange distributions* and sells more stocks in more registered *secondary offerings* than any other broker. When institutions use either of these two methods for selling large blocks of stocks, they pay all commission costs. So Merrill Lynch can offer these stocks to its customers *without commission charge!*

IMPORTANT. Merrill Lynch does not sell such stocks to its customers unless the stocks have Research approval—even though this has meant passing up millions of dollars in commissions!

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How to open an account at a Merrill Lynch Investment Information Center.

Opening an account with us is much like opening a charge account at a department store, assuming you are over 21.

Simply ask to see the office manager. Or, if you prefer, write us, giving your name and address, phone, citizenship, Social Security number, bank, and your (or your husband's) employer and position—plus your signature.

When your account has been accepted, you'll be able to place your orders anytime, anywhere, merely by picking up the phone.

Whether or not you have business to transact, you are always welcome to visit any Merrill Lynch office for investment information. Just walk in!

14. Merrill Lynch puts teeth in its policy: "The customer's interest must come first." Whenever the firm makes a public offering of stock, no officer or employee is permitted to buy for himself until all customer orders have been filled. When the Research Department issues a new report on a stock, no officer or employee may buy or sell the stock for his own account for a period of 48 hours. Merrill Lynch discourages all trading in risky "penny stocks"—and refuses to open accounts for the purpose of buying or selling them.

15. Merrill Lynch account executives are not paid a straight commission on sales. Merrill Lynch pays its account executives a salary, plus adjusted compensation twice a year. The amount of additional compensation each man receives depends not only on the value of business he generates, but also on his success in

giving as much personal attention and service as each customer needs. *Seventy-five percent* of the account executives who started with the firm are still with it.

16. All new Merrill Lynch account men must pass a rigorous 7-month training program. Out of every 100 men who have applied for the course in the past decade, an average of 90 have been *rejected*. Some of the tougher subjects studied: *Money Markets, Commodity Trading Procedures, Securities Analysis*. Graduates of the program must pass a New York Stock Exchange test to qualify as account executives. As a group, Merrill Lynch trainees consistently rank among the highest scorers of all men taking the test.

17. Merrill Lynch has 167 offices, is a member of every major exchange. On these stock and commodity exchanges, and in the over-the-counter market, Merrill Lynch executes more orders for its customers than any other broker or dealer. The firm is also a principal factor in the buying and selling of U.S. Government securities and municipal bonds.

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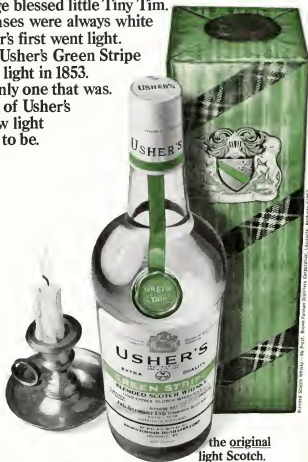
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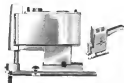
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KNOWING THE SCORE

From now on, as you sit before the television set on Sunday wearing your official NFL slacks and Pete Rozelle sweatshirt, think "scores" and you will be amazed at how angry you can get. The television boys, bless 'em, have come up with another neat little trick, which, of course, has nothing to do with advertising or anything like that.

What happens is that during the final quarter of the televised game the announcers give fewer and fewer scores of other games around the league, even though they have the scores right there in the booth. Recently the people tuned into CBS-TV's game between Washington and Atlanta heard the announcer say: "Well, there's one real shocker of a final score!" And that's all he said. The network thus failed to report the biggest news story in the NFL this far—Minnesota's upset of Green Bay.

The reason for the no-score policy is simple enough. It will force the viewer to stay tuned in for the postgame score shows—and all the attendant commercials. Last week *Variety* had a rather crisp remark about the whole thing, "Where video is concerned . . . sports is just another commodity."

With that in mind, we have another idea that television might try. It could black out all the good plays and put them on after the game as a separate show. Then in the last quarter the announcer could say, "Stay tuned right after this, because you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

NBP

Football half-time shows have become increasingly intricate in the Ivy League, abandoning the pomp of old to comment on sociological developments of our times. A measure of how far bandmanship has come—or gone, depending on your view of this antic art—was provided by Columbia at a recent home game. The subject of the half-time show at Baker Field was birth control. The

band dedicated one number to the Vatican—I Got Rhythm—and its formations included the Pill and a shotgun, precisely shaped to the indecicate tune of *Get Me to the Church on Time*.

The Columbia band had actually prepared the show for last year's game at Dartmouth, but officials in Hanover vetoed the script as unsportsmanlike conduct. It was a hit at Columbia.

THE BORE TESTER

The next time you are at a cocktail party and want to get a conversation started (or stopped for that matter) bring up the fact that there are currently 102 major league professional teams functioning in the U.S. in the sports of soccer, baseball, basketball, football and hockey. Ask anyone to give you the cities the teams perform in and the nickname of each club. If the person cannot name 75, walk away. If he names over 90, run.

SPORTS POWER

The Louisiana National Guard was called out two weeks ago to deal with student protests against alleged overemphasis on sports at Grambling, a predominantly Negro college.

The president of the school for the past 31 years, Dr. Ralph Jones, is undeniably a sports fan. He doubles as the school's baseball coach, he is active in athletic recruiting and has been responsible for building Grambling's reputation as a small-college sports power and a big source of professional athletes. He also has built the college into a fully accredited institution with 4,100 students, one that has an excellent reputation for sending able Negro graduates into business and education.

Sports does not seem to be the real issue at Grambling. The protest is deeper than the announced grievances (among the items demanded by the protesters was "a school yearbook that doesn't look like *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*"). The college says the demonstrations were fomented by advocates of Black

Power, with athletics being used to attract attention and sympathy. "This is part of a calculated plan to discredit Negro colleges," one Grambling official declared. "This is the only way the Black Power people can make inroads into the middle-class Negro community and hope to establish themselves."

Whatever the actual basis of the six-day protest, the 1,200 demonstrators who showed up en masse at the homecoming football game cheered loudly when Grambling scored and later joined in celebrating the team's 20-14 victory over Texas Southern.

TO THE MANOR BORN

The pack was in full and glorious cry when the Scavington Hunt burst through the tall iron gates at Montacute House, a manor in Somerset. Unfortunately, it quickly became obvious that the quarry was not a fox but the lady of the manor's pet cat. The cat, named Phelps after the original owners of the 16th-century mansion, scrambled up a tree to safety. Mrs. Yvonne Brock, his owner, was outraged. "When the huntsman arrived he did not even apologize," she said afterward. "If I don't receive a proper



apology I shall take steps to have the hunt banned from the district."

The joint master of the Scavington Hunt, Mr. Tom Squire, claimed the hounds were chasing a fox when the cat got in the way. Furthermore, he said, the hunt did apologize. "The huntsman went up to Mrs. Brock, touched his cap, blew his horn and left," said Squire.

GOING STRAIGHT

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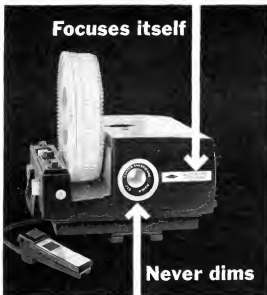
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SCORECARD continued

used on their lanes. The new chemical compounds produce a slick, hard finish that wears longer but also affects the action of the ball.

Professional howlers have had to adapt to the new surfaces, or be out of pocket. One of those reluctant to change was Billy Hardwick, who rolled to the top of the tenpin world in 1963 at the age of 22 and earned the nickname of Young Man with the Golden Claw. He had always howled in an unorthodox fashion, using his index and middle fingers because his ring finger was injured in a high school shop course. By 1965 Hardwick had won \$110,000, but last year, howling week after week on the new surfaces, he earned only \$8,420.

"My ball wouldn't belly out there like it did when the lanes weren't so slick," Hardwick explained recently. "I used to start in the center of the lane, roll the ball out four or five boards from the center and it would hook right into the pocket. But with the new varnishes the shot wouldn't work. It was embarrassing. Then I started to get tight in every tournament and began to pull the ball so much it was unbelievable. Finally four months ago I decided to change my shot or quit. I walked into the locker room one day and yelled, 'Anybody have a ball I can use?' Bill Lillard gave me one of his and I liked it right away."

Hardwick now uses his middle and ring fingers, in the orthodox way, though his ring finger has no joint and is nearly stiff. He howls from the outside and throws straight for the pocket. "Like a once-a-week bowler at the church league." A fortnight ago in Kokomo, Ind., he won his first tournament in two and a half years.

THE SHIFTING SCENE

As of early last week major league baseball came up with yet another new team—the Chicago White Sox. In an interesting but certainly not groundbreaking development, the Chicago White Sox announced that they would play nine regular-season American League games in Milwaukee's County Stadium in 1968. The games will be played during the week, one against each league opponent so that the Sox do not lose any lucrative home weekend dates.

Three things contributed to the shifting of the games. In July of this year the Sox played an exhibition in Milwaukee against the Minnesota Twins.

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and drew a crowd of 51,144 at major league prices. No other team in the majors drew a larger crowd without giving away bats, balls or caps. This showed that Milwaukee, abandoned by the Braves in 1966, is obviously still very interested in baseball. The Sox are also trying to develop the Milwaukee television market 85 miles from Chicago. And, finally, although Arthur Allyn, the owner of the White Sox, cannot publicly criticize the location of Chicago's Comiskey Park, it is bad and this season the Sox drew a nine-year attendance low of 966,000 despite the fact that the team led the league much of the time.

Whatever one may think about the transfer of the games, two large questions remain unanswered. Isn't Allyn trying to prod the city of Chicago into building a new stadium? Comiskey Park, Wrigley Field and Chicago Stadium are all antiquated, in poor neighborhoods and the newest of them was built nearly 50 years ago. That is a building problem for Chicago. Baseball's problem is a moral one. Must Milwaukee prove again that it is a major league town and do so by supporting a nonresident team? Supposing Milwaukee does support the Sox in 1968. What happens in 1970? Does it get its own team for a few years or somebody else's for 10 games? Do we hear 11?

RING-WISE

The former Mrs. Thad Spencer is so sure that her ex-husband will win the heavyweight elimination tournament that she is gambling alimony money on her pick. Mrs. Brenda Spencer, 26, went into Alameda County Superior Court in California last week and said she would accept a lump sum of \$5,000 to be paid when Spencer fights Jerry Quarry and another \$5,000 if he wins and goes on to fight for the title. If Spencer loses to Quarry she taps out on the second five grand. When she got her divorce, Mrs. Spencer claimed that not only did Thad often stay away from home, he argued a lot. She has confidence in his fighting ability.

NIGHT GAME

Several years ago Baltimore Colt Alex Hawkins was caught scaling the wall of a West Coast hotel three nights before his team was to play the Rams for the conference title. He was fined for the curfew violation and lectured in front

continued

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SCORECARD continued

of the whole team by Weeb Ewbank, who was then coaching the Colts. Hawkins, wearying of the harangue, finally interrupted Ewbank. "Weeb," he said, "when you dance, you gotta pay the fiddler."

Hawkins is one of sport's night people—like baseball's Don Larsen or tough old Bobby Layne, and if any Colt was going to end up in jail the week of the Baltimore-Green Bay game, you would have to figure it would be Alex. Last week there he was, picked up along with eight others—including a member of the Baltimore City Jail Board and former Colt Business Manager Bert Bell Jr.—in an early-morning raid on a poker game in a barber shop. After being booked, mugged and posting \$55 bond, Hawkins had a cup of coffee with Bell and went straight to practice.

Hawkins, once captain of Baltimore special teams but more recently a starting split end for the injury-plagued Colts, is viewed with amused tolerance by his teammates. His latest fly-by-night escapade could hardly have amused Colt Coach Don Shula, however, not so much because of the incident as because of Alex's choice of company. Since leaving the Colts, Bert Bell has been writing a once-a-week football column for the Baltimore *News American*, and he has been savagely critical of Shula. But Shula said nothing last week. A club spokesman announced that disciplinary action would be taken against Hawkins because of the time of the raid—4:45 a.m. "Curfew is not strict when the team is at home," the front-office man explained, "but 4:45 is a little past bedtime."

THEY SAID IT

- Frank Howard, Clemson athletic director, when approached by zwing enthusiasts for financial aid from the athletic department: "Clemson will never subsidize a sport where a man sits on his tail and goes backward."
- Gene Stallings, Texas A&M football coach, after his team lost six straight pregame coin flips: "Next year we're going to recruit a gambler."
- Marianne Moore, 79-year-old poet, on sportsman's fashions: "The yachtsman's double-breasted Navy jacket and cap with white flannels or ducks are the man's most effective garb, I think. Ballplayers' uniforms seem to me not so trim as formerly. They should not look like babies' sleepers or snowsuits." **END**

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AN AURA OF DESTINY

This is their year, the Colts have been telling themselves. The way fortune shone on them Sunday in Baltimore when they overcame a rough Green Bay defense in the final desperate minutes, it may well be **by TEX MAULE**

There comes a moment in the course of nearly every professional football season when one team rises unmistakably above all the rest. An aura of destiny surrounds the club, as if its success were preordained. In four of the last six years the Green Bay Packers were such a team, and the revelation that they were the chosen ones came, as often as not, in Baltimore.

Thus it was that the Packers went to Baltimore last Sunday, seeking—after an indifferent first half of the season—that sure sign that this again would be their year. For most of a wintry afternoon it seemed that the Packer quest would be a success. Although the Baltimore pass rush harassed him continuously, Bart Starr ran his Green Bay offensive machine like the competent engineer that he is, and when—with 12 minutes left in the game—he took advantage of a Colt rookie defensive halfback to throw a 31-yard scoring pass to Donny Anderson and give Green Bay a 10-0 lead, the Packers appeared sure winners.

They seemed even surer after the next set of downs. As Johnny Unitas strove manfully to untrack his team's attack, Willie Davis, throughout the afternoon a virtuoso performer at defensive end, and Ray Nitschke and the other redoubtable Packer linebackers continued to stop Baltimore cold. Davis eluded a tentative block by Sam Beil, a young tackle who went to graduate school on this Sunday, and smashed Unitas from behind, causing the Colt quarterback to fumble for a nine-yard loss. Unitas

passed to Tom Matte for a scant yard, then was hurried into a long, incomplete pass, and Baltimore had to give the ball back.

Then it began to happen. A series of penalties thwarted a Green Bay drive. When Johnny Unitas got his hands on the ball again with six minutes and 22 seconds showing on the clock, the complexion of the game was suddenly changed. Unitas passed to Willie Richardson for a first down, passed to Alex Hawkins for another, was hit throwing his next pass but still got the ball into wobbling flight and into the hands of Richardson. This was good for 15 yards and another first down. With the Packer defense dropping back to guard against the long pass, Unitas hit Running Back Tony Lorick in close for 10 more yards. First down No. 4. A moment later Unitas threaded the ball through a narrow crack between a Green Bay linebacker and a Green Bay back into the hands of Hawkins, deep in the corner of the end zone. Touchdown. Score: 10-6. Time to go: 2:19.

Now the extra point and a field goal would be the game. But the Colts missed the extra point. Defensive Back Bobby Boyd, who usually holds the ball for Lou Michaels' kicks, had gone out of the game earlier with a shoulder injury. Although Coach Don Shula had Rick Volk, a rookie safetyman, warming up as a holder on the sideline, the jiffy course was too hurried. Taking a good snap from center, Volk tried to race the ball into position while spinning the lace to the front. He wound up with the top

point of the ball cupped in his palm instead of suspended by a fingertip. Even worse, it was tilted to the side like the Tower of Pisa. Faced with so strange a target, Michaels booted the ball wide. The missed extra point forced Baltimore to play for a touchdown instead of a field goal.

Michaels and Volk redeemed themselves immediately. As Michaels' onside kickoff skittered through the front line of Green Bay receivers, Volk pounced on the ball. It was first down for the Colts on the Green Bay 34, with a minute and 36 seconds left. Lorick ran for four yards, but matters took a desperate turn when Unitas tried twice for John Mackey, the big tight end, and missed.

So it was fourth and six. As Unitas faded back for what could have been his last pass in a lost cause, the Green Bay defense dropped off and covered his receivers perfectly. Willie Davis, barreling in from Unitas' right, forced him out of the pocket, and Unitas began to run with his long, crane-like strides. Against the Packers a year ago, in an almost identical situation, a Unitas run had ended in disaster when Davis smashed into him, making him fumble into the hands of Dave Robinson, the Green Bay linebacker. This time Unitas ran for seven yards and remained attached to the ball despite a thunderous tackle. The Colts had their first down on the Packer 23.

Unitas climbed dazedly to his feet, and on the next play the gods smiled sweetly at last on Baltimore. Johnny U. threw a pass to Willie

continued

Grabbing pass that won the game, Colt flanker Willie Richardson beats Barb Adnerley, who had a hand on the ball but could not deflect it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BOSS JR.





Richardson, who has been playing—and playing well—primarily because Jimmy Orr has been injured. Richardson beat one of the best defensive linebackers in pro football Herb Adderley—to catch the game-winning touchdown.

"We noticed in movies that Herb has a tendency to take a stance looking in," Richardson explained after the game in the evanescent Colt dressing room. "I'd fake out and get around him and cut back in when his back was toward me. Raymond Berry spent the whole fourth quarter studying his moves, and we discussed them. When I went back into the huddle after Johnny ran for the first down, I told him I could beat Herb to the inside. Johnny was pretty shook up from the tackle, but he threw a perfect pass. Herb was playing me real tight. Six inches farther, I couldn't have caught it, six miles back, he intercepts."

Adderley actually had a hand on the ball. "Just as I reached for it, Richardson hit me with his shoulder and bumped me off the ball," he said. "I thought for a split second I might get it."

For the last three years the winner of this game has gone on to take the Western Conference championship, and in 1965 and 1966 Green Bay won the NFL championship as well. Last year the Packers also won the Super Bowl. For both teams, then, the game has come to be the most significant of the season. Oddly enough, because of a Monday night TV commitment, the Packers arrived in Baltimore with the handicap of one less day than usual in which to prepare. They had defeated St. Louis 31-23 on Monday night and did not get back into Green Bay until 2 a.m. Tuesday.

"We had to compress our preparation," Vince Lombardi said last Saturday night. "We put in the offense and defense as we usually do, but in a normal week we use Friday for refining and polishing. This week we didn't have time to tune the machine. We're ready, but we may be less precise than I would like us to be."

Much of the pregame conjecture concerned the physical condition of the two quarterbacks. In previous years Unitas had often had to play despite being hurt, but now Unitas was healthy. Starr, in turn, had been forced to miss all or part of three of the last five games

between the two teams, and last week was just getting back into top shape from injuries suffered first during the exhibition season. Zeke Bratkowski had come in for Starr in the three games and in each case proved at least as damaging to the Colts as Starr himself. But last Saturday morning Bratkowski pulled a muscle in his back working out on the frosty field in Green Bay. "I had to help him out of bed this morning," said Max McGee on Sunday. "Color Zeke gone. There's no way he'll be able to play today. It's a good thing Bart is ready."

Green Bay's touchy predicament at quarterback was complicated early by its loss of both first-string running backs. Jim Grabowski went to the sideline with an injured knee in the first quarter, to be followed moments later by Elgus Pitts, who tore an Achilles tendon. Without them, the Packers' running game lacked some of its sparkle, although Ben Wilson and Donny Anderson performed adequately. By half time the game had lapsed into a stalemated defensive battle, relieved only by Don Chandler's 49-yard field goal.

It was not until Boyd was injured early in the fourth period that Green Bay got its lone touchdown. One of the leaders of the Colt secondary, Boyd was replaced by Charlie Stukes, a good rookie, but a rookie.

"On the touchdown to Anderson," Shula said later, "they sent the spread end to the inside, taking Stukes with him and isolating Anderson on the line-backer. Boyd, with his experience, would not have gone so far inside with the end. He would have rolled back out to help on Anderson and I think he might have made the play."

Hawkins, who caught the first Baltimore touchdown pass, faked in, then broke to the outside to take Unitas' perfect throw just in the corner of the end zone. Hawkins was smiling later in the dressing room. He had not been put in the game until the fourth period, and after last Wednesday morning's poker-playing escapade, when he and eight friends were arrested at 4:45 a.m. in the back room of a suburban barbershop, he was not sure that he would get in at all. Hawkins used to be called Captain Who? when he was the leader of the Bal-

more special teams. "They changed my name to Captain Midnight," he said in the dressing room Sunday evening. "I guess I got a three-quarters suspension. I'm glad they lifted it in time for me to get in."

Whatever penalty Shula has in store for Hawkins may be reduced a bit by the coach's euphoria over victory. "This year we're getting the breaks," he said happily. "When you're rolling, that's what happens. Maybe this is going to be our year."

Twice during the second half the Colts took what seemed to be extraordinary gambles for a team that was trailing but still had a good deal of time left to play. Once, with fourth and one at the Green Bay 44 midway in the third quarter, Shula elected to try for the first down. Nitschke and Willie Wood met Lenny Moore behind the line of scrimmage to give the Packers possession of the ball. The Colt defense salvaged that lost gamble by forcing a Green Bay punt.

As the fourth period began, the Colts had the ball on the Green Bay 43, again fourth and one, and Shula gambled once more. And again Nitschke met Moore behind the line of scrimmage and the ball went over to Green Bay. This time the lost gamble cost the touchdown that put the Packers ahead 10-0.

"Nitschke made great plays on both tries," Shula said. "Once the fullback almost had him down and he reached over him to get Moore. They pinched the middle and Nitschke just slid outside to get Lenny again. Sure, they were gambles. But we're a gambling team. You have to have confidence in yourself."

Dan Sullivan, the Colt guard who blocked well all afternoon, was stamped in exhaustion before his locker, still stunned by the sudden turn that had brought the Colts victory. "I guess I wasn't really worried during those last three minutes or so," he said. "We have so much confidence in Johnny U. and I got a feeling this is gonna be our year."

It may well be. Certainly it took a team blessed by fortune to pull this game out. Should Baltimore and Green Bay win in their divisions, they will meet again in a divisional playoff December 23 in Green Bay. Destiny will be put to a hard test. **END**

Despite teammates' efforts to protect him, Packers' Bert Starr, caught six times for losses, crumbles under heavy charge of Colts' Orrell Beane.

FAST START FOR BEN'S HAWKS

One of the last of the owners who scuffled through pro basketball's bitter years, Ben Kerner has another winner for St. Louis this season, a team minus a star attraction—unless it's the boss himself

by FRANK DEFORD

In his seat at midcourt, feet stretched out to the rained floor, Ben Kerner watches his St. Louis Hawks. As Lenny Wilkens brings the ball upcourt, Kerner tilts his face to the scoreboard, and his eyebrows seem to pull his eyes up after them. His face is constructed that way, in a delicate balance; when one feature moves, it triggers another. Photographers are fascinated by it. When his mouth curls up and he says something like, "Ya follow me?" his eyes automatically shut. The score confirmed, Ben returns to the action and lights another cigarette in the chain. Off season, he smokes hardly at all.

This is Kerner's 21st year in the game, on a serpentine route from Buffalo to Tri-Cities (now Quad Cities) to Milwaukee to St. Louis. A bachelor, carrying the franchise as salesmen do Samsonite, changing coaches as others do TV repairmen, Kerner's life has been a series of skirmishes, and he has never escaped his early image. A cagey hustler, he was called, a cutrate Sol Hurok who would always be around, promoting, as long as there was another city in the Midwest and the Harlem Globes could be brought in for a prelin. Today the St. Louis franchise is worth something like \$3 million—all Ben's—and the Hawks are off on an 11-1 tear, with a commanding lead in the Western Division. And Kerner is still promoting. His latest stunt has been so effective that *Advertising Age* decided to keep Madison Avenue abreast of developments. What Kerner is doing is giving away every seat in the house for the San Diego game this Sunday. He bought full-page newspaper ads to announce it, and the Hawks were swamped with 45,000 requests for the 10,000 seats. "Distributing free tickets is not an easy problem," says Kerner, in the nasal voice that suggests a poor Jimmy Cagney imitation.

Still, despite the evidence of continuing, hard-earned success, despite the fact that his teams win and that he makes money in the shabbiest arena in the NBA, he is regularly dismissed as an oldtime nickel-dime cigar smoker. He is given credit, grudgingly, only for being

a dodo with unusual powers of survival.

In another time, when brash acumen and ambition were prized characteristics, Kerner would stand as a proud symbol, Horatio Alger. But in sports today, with the spiffy municipal arenas and hot TV money, the guy who once scrambled for a back in the dance halls of an earlier era is held in a kind of steered tolerance by the new gentleman owners. Kerner is likely the last of his species. Now the owners buy in at the top, and the occupation is a pastime.

The success of Kerner's team is also contrary to modern-day programming. The Hawks do not even have a superstar (last year's leading scorer, Lou Hudson, may someday earn that status, but he is now a soldier). They win with hustle, cunning and brawn and are rewarded with anonymity. The coach is Richie

Guerin, who succeeded to that precarious station on Dec. 27, 1964. There had been 10 before him in 12 years but now, amazingly, Guerin is "the dean of NBA coaches." The lesson, perhaps, is that even Henry VIII eventually would have found The Right One if he'd been as choosy as Ben Kerner.

Guerin and the team have prospered despite an unusual number of injuries and a succession of player retirements (Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan, Richie Guerin). This year's version of Coach Guerin, the one in winged-tip loafers, is hardly different from last year's sneakered model, when he was still part of the act on the court. He is respected and appropriately tough, not the least bit shy, as the Hawks say, about "hitting you in the hip" with a fine.

There is a change in the team, how-

Pleased with its success, Kerner displays ad that launched the Hawks' latest promotion



ever, because of Guerin's absence as a player. His departure, after Pettit's and Hagan's, resulted in a complete overhaul of the team's style. Whereas for years St. Louis played pattern ball, setting things up for the reliable but slow front line, it is now a running, pressing team. The Hawks take more shots than ever before. Wilkens, Joe Caldwell and Zelmo Beaty are averaging around 20 points a game and the other three regulars are also in double figures. This has not led to neglect of the traditionally tough defense. Indeed, the press has aided it.

Wilkens, a crafty apparition, is the conductor of the attack. Just turned 30 and recovering from two seasons of foot injuries, he bristles at talk that he has slowed down. Since his two backcourt partners—Dick Snyder and Caldwell—are both converted forwards and not proficient ball-handlers, Wilkens' good health is essential to St. Louis success. Among his massive teammates, Wilkens looks rather like the coxswain of an imposing crew, and he runs things with the same authority, calling plays in an unhurried, conversational voice.

"It was hard to break away from pattern ball after so many years," Wilkens says. "With Richie, we couldn't run, and I also think at times there was a subconscious feeling that we all had to give up the ball to the coach when he was in the game. It wasn't a serious thing, but it was there sometimes. For instance, I'd take the ball out, and while maybe my instinct would be to look quickly upcourt, I'd just naturally turn and give it to Richie."

The voice at the other end of the court is Wilkens' roommate and loyal pinochle partner, Beaty, The Z. He is a constant guide on defense, talking his teammates through picks and screens. At 6'9", Beaty is acknowledged the best center in the league after the big three, Thurmond, Chamberlain and Russell. Small in that company, Beaty must go to the high post a lot, depend more on guile and mobility, and try to lure the giants outside.

"They ask me sometimes," he says, "why doesn't The Z get more rebounds? They forget, I'm often 15 feet away from the basket when the shot goes up."

With Wilkens and Beaty, the Hawks, as they say in baseball, are strong up the middle. The flanks are protected by the big forwards—Bill Bridges, a handsome, sturdy man, who achieved All-Star status last season when he was fifth in the

league in rebounding, and Paul Silas, thunder now but no less babyfaced, who averages more rebounds per minute played than any other forward in the league. For more speed, Caldwell is the swing man up front. Cheating a step or two on defense the way Frank Ramsey once did, he surely leads the league in breakaway layups. The others accept his facility for this glory job and generously assume the more onerous task of defensive rebounding.

Such an intelligent, agreeable sharing of responsibility and credit is visible in every effort of the Hawks. The victories have been too close and the schedule too easy so far for anyone to assume they can keep up the pace but their ability to shift attack and defense to take advantage of changing situations will always help them.

Here they are against Cincinnati last week. Snyder quickly takes his smaller guard into the pivot for the easy turn-around jump. Next the Hawks clear a side for Caldwell to go head to head against a weak defender. Silas enters, and Wilkens directs the flow underneath, playing to the muscle. The Royals' center is in foul trouble, the Hawks prompt-

ly start moving the ball inside to Beaty.

Or the night before, against Baltimore. A Hawk press flusters the Bullets, Wilkens turns the helter-skelter game into cool baskets at his end. Now back to Beaty, for the Bullets' big men have fouled out. He puts in four in a row, and the Bullets start watching him more carefully. Quickly then The Z moves high. Bridges slips underneath with his smaller guard, and the play turns to him. A rookie is left with Wilkens. Now he calls his own number.

Kerner permits himself a contemplative smile as Wilkens slithers home. The crowd in seats distant from the floor prepares to leave. Kerner folds his collar back. When he moved to St. Louis, in 1955, Kiel Auditorium, a borrowed opera house, was a classy NBA showplace, third-largest in the league. Kerner added the scoreboard, helped finance the new floor and additional seating, and has supplied a team that has missed the playoffs only once.

But now Kiel is the smallest in the league, and Kerner is warning that he may abandon St. Louis. What he is saying is that it is not Kerner the times have passed by.

END

Shown here giving orders in a huddle, dapper Guerin has transformed the Hawks' style



BAD START FOR BLACK HAWKS

Last spring's mighty hockey champions have tumbled to the league cellar and, despite a week's reprieve among the expansion teams, are in deeper trouble than injuries and ill-conditioned holdouts indicate by PETE AXTHELM

The excuses are all there. Salary disputes and holdouts interfered with training camp. Crippling injuries forced a drastic reshuffling of a once-solid lineup. Opposing teams began getting lucky goals. You can put these things together and come up with a nice, neat explanation for the dramatic collapse of the Chicago Black Hawks, the most powerful team in the National Hockey League last year. You can even try to accept the tired clichés, like, "There's nothing wrong with this club that a few wins won't cure."

Last week the Hawks got a few wins, but they are not cured. There is something wrong with the Hawks beyond injuries and scoring slumps—and the players are too honest to hide it. "We had a terrible camp," said Stan Mikita one day last week during the Hawks' western swing, "and not just because some guys weren't there. Most of us—including myself—just didn't think enough about playing hockey." Another player said, "We're just not a very sound hockey team anymore."

The Hawks, who won the NHL race by 17 points last season, are deep in last place after the first month of this one, with a 2-7-2 record. They have won two and tied one of their last four games, but the successes were against the weaker expansion teams. In six tries against the league's established clubs Chicago has managed only one tie. Things brightened a bit on the five-game road trip they have just completed, which featured the team's first West Coast games. Swimming at Malibu and dining in Chatsworth in San Francisco seemed to stir up some of the exuberant spirit that characterized the Hawks last season, and victories in Minnesota and Los Angeles and Sunday's tie with Oakland didn't hurt either. But the Hawks aren't kidding themselves, they are still in serious trouble.

"I think our defense has been our biggest problem," said Pat Stapleton, a defenseman. Doug Mohs, left wing on

the famous Scooter Line, said, "Defense-men always need help from the forwards. Our guys haven't been getting much, so you have to blame the forwards, too." Coach Billy Reay prefers to blame Denis DeJordy: "Our biggest weakness has been that we've been outplayed in the goal."

It is almost unbelievable that so many weaknesses could suddenly appear on a team that had no real weakness only six months ago. But the Black Hawks were the major victims of the expansion of the NHL to 12 teams. As the club with the best record and the most talent, the Hawks figured to lose the most in the draft; they may not have figured on some other effects of expansion. For one thing, the impending draft led Tommy Ivan, the shrewd Chicago general manager, to gamble on the league's major trade of last summer. Figuring that he would have to lose some of his young forwards to the new clubs anyway, Ivan traded three of them to Boston for Center Pat Martin and Defenseman Gilles Marotte.

The trade seemed logical enough at the time, now it looks like a steal by Boston. Phil Esposito and Freddie Stanfield have been scoring very well since leaving the Hawks. Martin appears adequate as the new center on Bobby Hull's Chicago line, but he is small and often injured, and Marotte, the key man in the deal, has been a big disappointment. "He was a little slow getting adjusted," insists Reay, "but he's coming around." Some of the players are less satisfied. "He'll be very good someday," said one forward, "but right now he hurts us. We used to feel free to take chances, because we could always count on our defensemen to save us. Now we find ourselves looking around and worrying a little when he and Stapleton come on the ice." Some of the players are still amazed that, in order to protect Marotte, Ivan allowed Ed Van Impe, a brilliant rookie last year, to be claimed by Philadelphia.

An even more damaging effect of expansion came in the furious salary disputes that followed. With minor leaguers suddenly earning big-league money on the new teams, stars on the old teams increased their own demands. "It was certainly the toughest season I've ever been through," said Ivan. The bargaining was confused by one of the first attempts at unified action by the new NHL Players' Association and when it ended, the Hawks had been weakened both physically and in morale.

In midsummer all NHL players received a confidential mimeographed letter from the Players' Association suggesting that none of them should go on the ice in training camp until he had signed. "I was under the impression that by staying away I was sticking by all the players," said Kenny Wharram, who held out through most of training. "It seemed like a good idea—but it sure got messed up."

Exactly how the scheme collapsed is not clear, but players who were staying off the ice were stunned to see Bob Pulford, the association's founding president, work out with Toronto before signing. The Hawks then watched their own player representative, Pierre Pilote, do the same thing. "The contract from last season extends through training," said Pilote. "I honored it. If other guys chose to stay off the ice, then it became a personal matter for them to decide. The whole thing was a misunderstanding."

Three Hawks—Wharram, Martin and DeJordy—chose to stay away. A number of others worked out without signing. This did not exactly mold the players into a loyal unit during camp and may have had something to do with their sloppy play. Now it is pretty well forgotten, but one effect remains—the weak goaltending of DeJordy, who had been counted on to take over the entire job after Glenn Hall was lost in the draft.

DeJordy proved last season that he is



Anguished Goalie Denis DeJordy scrambles to face Los Angeles attackers. DeJordy has endured heavy criticism for his share in Hawks' collapse.

an excellent goalie, but he is the type who needs work. Hull could probably hold out for two years and retain his great reflexes. DeJordy must sharpen his with action. Since missing camp he has been sharpening up in regular games at the team's expense, and he has become the most maligned hockey player in Chicago. As a result, Denis has lost much of his natural enthusiasm and humor.

"I'm more tense," he admits, "knowing that Glenn is gone and I have to play every game. Last year if one of us felt tight, he could go to Billy and sit out a few games. Now I can't. And I know what people are saying about me. But, don't worry, I'll have an answer for them—all at the right time."

The right time should arrive when the Hawks' best offensive weapon, the Scouter Lane, finally begins producing. The early season has been a nightmare for hockey's Most Valuable Player, Center Stan Mikita. Last year, when he tied the NHL point-scoring record (97), Stan got five goals and 11 assists in the first nine games. After nine games this year he had exactly one assist. And last week this man, who collected \$11,000 in award money in the spring, found \$500 deducted from his paycheck—a fine for indifferent play. Left Wing Mohns has

been badly hurt and has played little, and Wharram alone is very good but not a one-man line.

Bobby Hull is a one-man line when he has to be. He has done everything possible to carry his club. He contributes his goal per game, and with any help at all he could get the Hawks going. Even if his efforts remain futile he seems certain to break his own record of 54 goals. The longer schedule and weaker opponents in the new division make 60 goals seem likely and 70 quite possible.

But behind Hull everything has gone sour, and Reay has been forced to juggle his lines constantly to combat injuries and ineffectiveness. Unfortunately, the Hawks are peculiarly set in their styles, they are not the kind of players who will work equally well in any combination. When Eric Nesterenko was needed on Bobby's line, for example, younger brother Dennis Hull had trouble on the third line without veteran Eric's passes. Mikita, who likes to work clever passes to both sides, cannot center for Bobby, who needs many passes to his side. Other forwards have similar difficulties switching lines—but Reay has no choice. He has to try something.

When Bobby's right wing, Chico Maki, recovers from an appendectomy in a few weeks, things should improve.

When Mikita and Mohns hit their stride, when Marotte learns more and Matt Ravlich comes back to aid the defense, the Hawks should again be a good team. But not a superior one. There are big holes, especially on the third line, and there is no one to fill them. For the first time in years, the Chicago farm system has come up dry. "The kids have been the biggest disappointment," said one veteran. "If it weren't for expansion, not one of them would be in the NHL." The rookies have not only been ineffective but also annoyingly docile. "You expect kids to at least be hungry," said another Hawk. "But do you know that not one of them even hit anybody in camp?"

The Chicago team leaders are so good that they may be able to carry the weak members, but the entire Eastern Division of the NHL is improved enough to scare the Hawks a little. "When I argued about my salary with Ivan," said Pat Martin, "I said I wanted what I would have been paid in Boston. He said I could take less because here I would be sure to get the playoff money for the next few years. Right now I wonder how sure he is about making the playoffs." Martin hesitated. "Come to think of it," he said after a moment, "how sure can any of us be?"

END

PUNT, JOHN, PUNT!

That is the cry at Indiana where a kicker who would rather run and a hip Hoosier team that somehow manages to be both ridiculous and sublime has won seven straight games to astound the Big Ten

by DAN JENKINS

In Indiana everybody says keep the big red ball rolling—and hands you a little red ball. Everybody is superstitiously afraid to change clothes and is looking for lucky pennies. Everybody is making reservations for Pasadena and the Rose Bowl. Everybody is praying that their punter will please punt. Everybody is doing all of this because a football phenomenon has overflowed the banks of the Wabash, and although undisciplined people think that reality is going to set back in very soon, it just might not. As everybody in Indiana says, God may be alive and playing defensive end for the Hoosiers.

No matter who is really at defensive end, a miracle of some sort has occurred, Indiana University, a school with about as much romance in its football past as a stone quarry, won its seventh straight game last week when it shipped by Wisconsin 14-9. Indiana does not usually win seven games in seven years. Granted, the Hoosiers have not exactly overpowered the class teams of the nation. In fact, all of the poor Wisconsin on its schedule have a combined record of 12-34-3 which, as statistics go, rates up there with Germany's record in world wars. Moreover, Indiana has barely beaten six of its victims, resorting to some of the most self-torturing climates since radio serials. But Indiana is 7-0, nevertheless, for the first time in its history, and there it sits in the national ratings, one of the only four perfect-record teams left in major college football and tied for the lead in the Big Ten conference.

Indiana really is only a couple of heartbeats away from the Rose Bowl now. If, somehow or other, in some implausible

way, the Hoosiers can win one of their three remaining games—against Michigan State, Minnesota and Purdue—they have a smiling chance. If they can win two, they are likely to go for certain. Or if they could just defeat Minnesota on November 18, that alone might do it, for Purdue cannot go. In the complicated Big Ten scramble, Indiana, Purdue and Minnesota each has a 4-0 record. Because of a wonderful freak of scheduling, they must all play each other in their last three games.

What has made the season so glorious for Indiana is its football tradition. Although it has been playing the game for 81 years, it has captured only one conference championship, and that was in 1945 when most squads still had their quarterbacks off throwing hand grenades. Indiana has produced only 10 teams in the last 50 years with a won-lost percentage better than .500, and it has never turned out a unanimous All-America. Football has been so curiously distressed at Indiana that its present fans actually look back with fondness on the glory-filled year of 1958 when the Hoosiers came up with a 5-3-1 record.

Out of the Ivy League and into this dreary setting in 1965 came Johnny Pont, who reeks of energy and optimism and all such attributes that good coaches have. With him this year is a lunatic group of sophomores who do some of the things Pont tells them and a few

Controlling his technique, John Ikenberger pursues a ball snap from center into his end zone across the ball and under pressure from Wisconsin rushers, gets a kick away.





things he would not dream of telling them. And with him, too, has been, well

luck. Add it up, and suddenly the past is meaningless. Indiana has come from behind to win, and Indiana has held on to win. It has won with a clock-heating drive and with a desperate goal-line defense. It has won throwing and running, and kicking and screaming.

"All I know is, we're uninhibited and unexpected," says Pont, who is not the kind to talk about luck but is pleased because the Indiana basketball coach hides lucky pennies around Pont's office for Pont to find. "I ask my players what they're going to do to us next, and they just giggle, because I'm sure they don't know either."

Standing on the sideline with a red thermos cup that his manager constantly keeps filling with coffee, Pont has agonized while his Hoosiers have survived in the following manner:

They began by edging Kentucky 12-10 when sophomore Quarterback Harry Gonso threw a fourth-down, 23-yard pass to End Al Gage that was deflected—yes—into his hands for a touchdown. Next they beat Kansas 18-15 on a 24-yard field goal by Dave Kornowa, who is not the regular place-kicker but who was asked to attempt it because Indiana's real kicker, Don Warner, had, at the time, an arthritic toe. The Hoosiers then topped Illinois 20-7 after Linebacker Brown Marks caused a first-down Illinois fumble on Indiana's 12-yard line late in the fourth quarter when Pont's team was clinging to a 13-7 lead. They had Iowa beaten the next Saturday until sophomore Halfback John Isenbarger decided it would be fun to try to run from punt formation on fourth down and failed, setting up the Hawkeyes for a go-ahead touchdown. Undaunted, Indiana came back to drive 60 yards for a score with 53 seconds left and win 21-17. Isenbarger, incredibly, did the same thing against Michigan the next week, and thereby made himself one of the Big Ten's most celebrated backs of the year. Instead of punting late in the game, he ran—from his own 13-yard line—and failed. Michigan tied the score, and Pont's team had to drive 85 yards to win 27-20 in the last two minutes. That was the third time during the season Isenbarger had decided on his own to run instead of punt and the second time he had failed.

"When he did it against Michigan, it

continued

was the maddest I've ever been in my life," says Pont, who in past years has been with a winner at Miami of Ohio and Yale. Before Pont could say a word to Isenbarger on the bench, however, the big, blond sophomore rushed up to him with his hands on his headgear and yelled something "Coach," Isenbarger shouted "Why do I do things like that?" It was a question Pont would like to have answered.

The suspense of seeing Isenbarger in punt formation has given the crowd at Indiana home games a new chant that goes: "Punt, John, punt!" Her son's missteps even led Mrs. Isenbarger to send a wire to her boy in Phoenix the day Indiana defeated Arizona 42-7. The wire read: HEAR JOHN, PLEASE PUNT.

Isenbarger is one of three exciting sophomore backs who have made the huge difference in Indiana's team. The

others are Gonso, a fast deceptive quarterback, and Jade Butcher, a flanker who has already set some pass-receiving records, and whose name stunk of it for a second. *Jade Butcher* sounds good enough either to insure football stardom or to inspire a TV western.

All three of the sophomores are gifted athletes, and Pont outrecruited some heavyweights to land them for Indiana. Notre Dame and Michigan badly wanted Isenbarger. He may be good enough to make the Hoosiers' starting basketball team and he has pole-vaulted over 13 feet. Michigan State came close in Gonso, a Findlay, Ohio marvel who was a state diving champion, a 10.2 sprinter and enough of a baseball catcher to receive a bonus offer from the Detroit Tigers. There is a simple measure of how Gonso improves Indiana football: last season the longest run an Indiana

player made was 12 yards. Gonso beat that figure five times on Saturday against Wisconsin. Butcher is from near the Bloomington campus, a home-towner, a tough stonecutter who blocks as well as he catches. Purdue wrestled Pont for Butcher until the Indiana ink was dry on his letter of intent.

"You can't beat having athletes," says Pont. "We've got some more on this year's freshman team. We got them because we sold them on wanting to be pioneers at Indiana."

Indiana had tried to go out and get athletes since before, under Phil Dickens in 1957 and all it got was six years of probation from the NCAA. Pont took the job just after Indiana was released from the NCAA clink, and he has had to build from the dirt up.

Gonso, Isenbarger and Butcher were never more important to the cause than against Wisconsin last Saturday in cold, slightly snowy Bloomington. Nor were the precious fates that have controlled Indiana's destiny ever more necessary.

For most teams in the Top 10, a winless foe like Wisconsin would be a bore, but Indiana fanflowers have learned their team could be playing Sweet Briar and be an even-money bet to lose. Bloomington was gulping over with excited, worried, hopeful people wearing red caps, handing out little red balls and carrying homemade signs: JOHN ISENBARGER IN BART NAYEBERK, HARRY GONSO WEARS ELEVATOR SHOES, PURDUE VOTTS DEMOCRATIC, GOD WOULD PUNT. And 47,000 poured into Indiana's stadium to see it all could last another week.

Indiana runs a nifty, far-flung I formation that features Gonso's passes and keepers, Isenbarger's slants and halfback passes, and Butcher's "messing around" pass patterns and crackback blocking. Early in the first quarter, after a punt and a helpful penalty, the Hoosiers got the ball on Wisconsin's 30-yard line and put all their talents together. Gonso, who calls 90% of the plays, ran for eight yards. Isenbarger threw a pass that Butcher leaped and caught while being crashed by two defenders, and then Gonso, who phoned Pont early during the week after being injured in the Arizona game and began by saying, "Coach, this is Harry Gonso—remember me?" passed 11 yards to Isenbarger for a touchdown. The red ball was rolling—to a stop.

There were now 52 minutes left in the



On a cool but hardly in check improbable Indiana mascot buzzes cheerleader Peggy Kellom.

game, and although Gronso would zip around for 127 yards before the day ended, Indiana was to get no more offense going with consistency. It would simply have to hold Wisconsin to win it held, in the usual Indiana fashion. For instance, on the last play of the first half, with Indiana leading 7-3, Gronso threw a flat pass right into the hands of Wisconsin linebacker Sam Wheeler. The nearest tackler to Wheeler was in Fort Wayne, and the linebacker headed for the Hoosiers' goal as the crowd gasped. He ran for 35 yards without any trouble and was at the Indiana 25 with his touchdown in sight when one of his teammates came roaring up from behind and tripped him. Really.

Shortly before, there had been almost as big a thrill. Isenbarger had stood back in his end zone to punt, with the crowd chanting the usual "Punt, John, punt!"

But the snap was high and went astray. There was Isenbarger, with his back to all these football players, stooping in his own end zone trying to pick up the ball. It was ridiculous. Wisconsin linemen came pouring in on him, and Pont poured his coffee over his hands when he saw Isenbarger was not going to fall on the ball for a nice, cautious safety. Oh, no. John had been told to punt. He picked up the ball, ran around the end zone for an hour or two and then somehow kicked the ball 40 yards through a tiny hole in the wall of Wisconsin linemen that was upon him.

In the third quarter the Hoosiers got their winning touchdown. A Wisconsin pass was deflected, intercepted and returned to the Ildiger 27, and a defensive holding penalty moved Indiana close enough to score. The 14 points proved to be just enough. Wisconsin

drove to a touchdown in the fourth quarter and got the ball again on its 34-yard line with 3½ minutes left. It looked like time enough against Indiana's over-worked defense. The Badgers proceeded to hit five passes, two of them on fourth down. They got to midfield. They got to the Indiana 30. They got to the 25. They got to the 19. They got to the 10. There was now time for one more play. Indiana's defense looked about as organized as a party raid. The Wisconsin quarterback, John Boyajian, faded back, and it would have been funny if Indiana's rooters had then chanted, "Punt, John, punt!" but they were too busy dying.

Worried? Don't be. Everything worked out all right, of course. Boyajian threw the ball over the library, which is a mile away. And Indiana could stay delicious for another week. **END**



Carrying the ball in a flashy fashion, if not exactly a secure one, Indiana Quarterback Gronso gets near on one of his many good runs of the day.

Roger Rouse, who lives in a room with lavender walls in Opportunity, Mont., gets a fan letter from Frankfurt am Main. It is beautifully typed. "Dear Sir," the letter begins. "May I convey today my very sincere compliments and congratulations on you and your excellent and fine and wonderful ring career as the nation's and world's No. 1 and hottest light heavy weight hero in the ring. I do recall and remember and follow your excellent and fine and wonderful ring career best, and you are indeed a great and fine and classy ring hero, a real great and kindly sportsman, and a wonderful and lasting credit for boxing all ways in U.S."

Rouse has been the World Boxing Association's first-ranked light heavy weight since November 1965. But he hasn't been so hot. Indeed, until recently he despaired of ever fighting for the championship. Although he was No. 1, Jose Torres, who was then the champion, instead fought Wayne Thornton, Eddie Cotton, Che

Calderwood and Dick Tiger, the former middleweight champion, to whom he lost the title. Tiger and Torres were subsequently rematched with the same result. Meanwhile, Rouse made three trips to New York to be introduced from the ring in Madison Square Garden—presumably to get exposure, although he has been boxing professionally for 10 years and has won 30 of 38 fights, he has appeared only once east of Butte, Mont., losing to Babe Simmons in a preliminary bout in the Garden in 1960.

Looking somewhat ill at ease, Rouse took a bow before both Tiger-Torres fights and the Muhammad Ali-Zora Foley fight. "I was part of the scenery," he says ruefully. On each occasion Rouse wore a cowboy hat, cowboy boots and a string tie. Upon being introduced he would take off his hat to a smattering of applause, and from fight to fight he grew perceptibly baldier. The western regalia was purchased in a store next to the Garden. "I didn't mind the hat and

the boots," Rouse recalls. "But that little bow tie! They took my shoes and tried to throw them out the hotel window. I'll wear the boots in the ring. I told them, but not on the sidewalk. Everybody's looking at me."

After Tiger had successfully defended his newly won title, Rouse paid him a visit in his dressing room. Tiger was asked who he was going to fight next. "I'm going to fight that cowboy from Montana," he said, looking at Rouse. "Can you fight, cowboy?"

For a time it seemed that neither Tiger nor anyone else east of Butte would ever learn the answer, when Tiger returned to his native Nigeria, civil war broke out and he couldn't leave the country.

"Every day I'd go to the newsstand and buy \$2 worth of papers," says Rouse's manager, Pete Jovanovich, who owns the Gay 90's Saloon in Missoula, Mont. "Los Angeles papers, Seattle papers, New York papers. I'd buy every cockeyed paper on Nigeria. I studied

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE —AT LAST

Roger Rouse, from a hopefully named town in Montana, has been the first-ranked light heavyweight for two frustrating years. Next week in Las Vegas he finally gets to meet Champion Dick Tiger for the title

by GILBERT ROGIN



maps and everything, looking for routes that the Tiger could sneak out."

In September, Dick Tiger finally arrived in the U.S., and on November 17 he will defend his title against Rouse in Las Vegas. Life, however, has taught Rouse to take a dim view of things. "I haven't fought for the title yet," he said the other day. "I wouldn't be surprised at anything anymore."

Before I went to Opportunity to interview Rouse, a man who told me he was "Ben Greene with an e" called and said I should have a "meet" with him; this took place the next day in Jack Dempsey's restaurant on Broadway. Greene, who is in his late 40s and has a nose that seems not so much to have been broken as artfully bent, told me he had been in the boxing business for 30 years, did a little public relations for Rouse and was going to fill me in on him.

"My appraisal of the fella here," Greene said, "is he is a college fella who

wants to go somewhere. The first time I saw him I wasn't too impressed with him. He had a lot of natural ability, but he hadn't found himself. Some of these white kids take a little longer to mature. In fact, he was a goddamn strippling. To tell you the truth, I wasn't impressed with him and I paid him no mind. The next time I saw him [Henry] Hank knocked him down. Anyone can look like a whirlwind before they're knocked down. It's what they do after they're knocked down. I liked what he did after Hank knocked him down. I tabbed it. And he actually comes out of Montana.

"I hooked up with him and his manager—this is a hotel fella, an affable fella, not a boxing man, what I would call more or less of a buff. I got him [Don] Turner, [Rudolph] Bent; in other words, I started feeding him guys. Before that I got him Eddie Cotton. I liked the style of Cotton. A guy that jabs a lot you can hit over the jab with a right hand. Rouse throws a right hand you very seldom see.

You got to watch for it. A very short right hand. The kid is a student. If he sees a jab don't work, he goes with a hook. This guy knows how to think. What made Robinson a great fighter? He could adapt to all styles. This guy got a little of this. The nearest thing to him is Billy Conn.

"Rouse arced over to his right when he jabbed Cotton. You ever see a fighter who knows how to bend, he's a good fighter. Rouse got good legs, good legs. He'll knock this guy out. Tiger is 38. He took a bad body beating in the second Torres fight. You don't get over that. He'll positively knock him out. You have to fight Tiger stick and move, stick and move. But he's dead game. You can't overrate the Tiger. He's got such guts, the guy. The Tiger, he's *impeccable*. He's got only one weakness. He don't leave any food on the table. If there's a piece of bread left that's paid for he'll eat it, that's his only foible.

"I'm trying to sell Rouse to make the

continued

Opportunity



supreme effort. I tell him you got a big rep even if you tap out. You can make a living all your life if you become champion. A near champion don't mean a thing. Now I'll tell you the guy's foible. He never worked, and mixing around with these people he picked up a drinking habit. What the hell, what are you going to do there? It's rough to be in those small towns. You got to go crazy in Anaconda. It's a little on the dull side."

Opportunity is, in a manner of speaking, a suburb of Anaconda, Mont. (pop. 12,054). When I asked Rouse how Opportunity got its name he said, "Somebody was trying to be funny. I guess." Rouse's father, Jim, who, until he was pensioned five years ago, was extra foreman in zinc casting at the Anaconda smelter, related that Opportunity was a swamp up to 1913 or 1914, when the company put cement tile in and drained and leveled it. "They told the smeltermen this was an opportunity to get out of town," said Mr. Rouse, "put in a little gram, raise spuds, horses, have a milk cow."

Anaconda is where the copper ore mined in Butte, 25 miles to the southeast, is smelted. Before 1883, the year Anaconda was founded and the original smelter built, the ore was shipped to

Swansea, in Wales, to be smelted. As William Parks, one of Butte's pioneer copper miners, said: "They could ship it to hell and back for smelting and still make a profit."

In 1875 Michael Hickey discovered the mine in Butte, which he called Anaconda and which gave both the company and the city their names. "I served in McClellan's army . . ." Hickey later wrote "One day while in camp I picked up a New York *Tribune* and read one of Greeley's editorials in which he said that McClellan's army was enveloping Lee's army 'like a giant anaconda.' It struck me that the word anaconda was a mighty good word, and it always stuck to me."

Hickey was evidently not as stricken with his mine, for he sold it to Marcus Daly, who was born in Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, and was described by a contemporary as having "a splendid, full-rounded head . . . and his voice in conversation [is] low and mellow." Daly was the founder of Montana's copper industry and what is now known as the Anaconda Company, and when he died in 1900 a Butte newspaper ran a colossal bank of headlines:

THE MIGHTY OAK HAS FALLEN
The Architect Of Montana's Greatness
Is Gone

Marcus Daly Is Dead:
His Name And Works Held Sacred In Montana
Love That Was His Due In Life Now Made Manifest
Marcus Daly Was A Gift Of Nature Greater Than Napoleon,
A Leader Of Men.
Died Amid The Monuments Of His Glory
All Montana Mourns His Death

These sentiments were widely held. When, after his death, a statue of Daly by St. Gaudens was erected in Butte so that he faced the town with his back to the hill, Matty Kiely, a legendary Butte miner, said, "'Tis no luck will ever come of it. In life Marcus Daly never turned his arse on the mines of Butte or the miners who dug them." Nonetheless, Daly didn't have Hickey's feeling for words, his first choice for the name of what became the city of Anaconda was Copperopolis.

The two principal sights in Anaconda today are the stack of the smelter and the Marcus Daly (formerly the Montana) hotel. The stack is supposedly the largest in the world. It is 585' 1 1/2" tall, contains 2,466,392 bricks of varying sizes and shapes, or the equivalent of 6,672,214 common bricks, and has a capacity of 3,000,000 cubic feet of hot gas per minute. The stack is portrayed on the shoulder patches worn by the Anaconda police force. The hotel has been in operation since 1889 and until recently was managed by Pete Jovanovich, Rouse's manager. It now has an adjoining motel, but the dining room no longer serves choice leg of mountain sheep à la *Marmoraire* or pineapple fritters au *Savignon*.

The Marcus Daly is best known for the Tammany Bar and Lounge, where a likeness of the head of Daly's favorite race horse, Tammany, is inlaid in the bar-room floor. This portrait is composed of 1,800 squares of hardwood "varying in tone to catch the fine sheen, shades and markings of the magnificent animal," and was executed by a New York artist named Newcomb for \$3,000. Daly, whose racing colors were copper and Irish green, always walked around it.

Although, according to Jovanovich, there are but four active professional fighters in Montana—Roger, his brother Jimmy, who has a 3-and-1 record, and the Gross brothers from Missoula—Butte was a thriving fight town at the turn of the century. John L. Sullivan came

continues

MANAGER JOVANOVIĆ AND CHALLENGER ROUSE CHAT ON ANACONDA'S MAIN STREET



FALKLAND, where Scottish royalty dined on venison. And wine on claret because their Scotch whisky took some getting used to.

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From the 1400s to this day, some loyal Scotch drinkers haven't been able to drink Scotch without a secret little shudder.

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A Volkswagen convertible is made so well, so airtight, it helps to open the window a crack to close the door.

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Like all VWs, the Squareback and Fastback sedans are both painted 3 times over. To make



strong bodies 8 ways.

what you see look nicer. And to make what you don't see last longer.

Then there's the VW Karmann Ghia. Its body is practically hand-made.

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RAND. 

there in 1894, offering \$1,000 to anyone who could stay four rounds with him. He was taken up by one "Boy" Robinson, who weighed 155 pounds to Sullivan's 225. Robinson was knocked down 15 times before being counted out with 20 seconds remaining in the fourth. Robinson and his backers argued that they had got a short count. Said John L. Sullivan, "Mebbe so."

When Butte was a copper camp, fight cards were often held on consecutive days. For example, on July 3 and 4, 1901, Joe Walcott, the welterweight champion, and Joe Gans, the lightweight champion, won nontitle bouts against local fighters. However, up to now only one Montanan ever fought for a world championship. In 1904 Jack Munroe, a Butte miner, met James J. Jeffries for the heavyweight title in San Francisco. Munroe was knocked out in the second round.

Roger Rouse, who is called Babe by his family, is 32 years old, 6' tall (by way of comparison, Tiger is 5'8"), has faintly ascetic features and reddish hair that he carefully combs, he is of German-Irish ancestry. As he once told a Butte sloopkeeper, "I'm Irish and Dutch. I fight like a Dutchman and drink like an Irishman." Actually, there is fighting, and, doubtless, drinking blood on both sides. Rouse's maternal grandfather, Tom Solan, did a little boxing at \$5 a fight, and always claimed he was a distant cousin of Gene Tunney. "Do you remember sorting spuds in the root cellar with Grandpa?" Roger's mother asked him the other day. "He'd always tell me about Tunney and Greb down there," Roger said. "That bloody Greb was a dahrty foner." Several of Roger's uncles fought amateur, and Uncle Moose, who has a ranch up in the Big Hole and must go 6'4", was once renowned as the roughest man in Montana.

"The Rouses are a rough outfit," a rancher named Bill Studdert told me while I was in Anaconda. "Roger's the mildest." Roger has two sisters—Emily, 36, and Patty, 18—and four brothers.

Don, 34, Jimmy, 34, Dougie, 22, and Ralphe, 16, the only one who hasn't done any real fighting. Dougie, a light middleweight, was a semi-finalist in the 1967 All-Army championships. Don, who wears a beard he grew to go to Acapulco—but he never went—was runner-up in the 1961 national AAUs, in which he fought as a light heavyweight.

Don has perhaps more intellectual pretensions than the other Rouse brothers. He and his wife Dolores, who works for Sarah Coventry, Inc., the jewelry company, plan to retire at an early age and read the Great Books. Rather, Dolly intends to retire, Rouses aren't too interested in having jobs. "I don't like to be that tied down," Roger explains. "Suppose you want to go somewhere and do something?" When I asked Don what Jimmy did for a living, he said, "He keeps his fingers crossed for Roger." Jimmy, who everyone says has a lovely singing voice, carries a .22 slug. "It went in my lung, diaphragm and liver and then ricocheted around and lodged in a muscle in my back," he says. Who shot him was someone he kind of ran across in a bar.

There are 37 bars within the city limits of Anaconda—possibly more per capita than in any other city in the U.S.—and Don, Roger and Jimmy are well known in many of them. When they were younger, Don used to promote bar fights for Roger. "Once Roger got into a fight with the biggest man in Butte," Don recalls. "Roger hooked him to the head and knocked him down with a body punch. He was on his knees. I told Roger to finish him off. 'I don't hit a man when he's down,' Roger said. I finally got him to agree to shove him over on his face with his foot. We were punk kids. It was just a means of dissipating our aggression. Now Roger's drinking is incidental to getting women."

"Roger is an extremist," says Jovanovich, who sticks to Seven-Up. "Drink, fight, chase. As he once told me, 'If I wasn't the sonofabitch I am I wouldn't be a fighter.' If you tame him out of the ring, you tame him in." Jovanovich said this last without much conviction.

On another occasion, Chappie Hayashi, who deals cards in Salt Lake City when he isn't being Roger's trainer, told Roger, "You better straighten up for three years. After that you can live it up." Roger replied, "If I did that I wouldn't be worth a damn. I'd be just an average Joe. If I lived the way everybody wanted me to live, I wouldn't be a fighter."

"Before we start working out for a fight," says Jovanovich, "you've got to walk Roger past the gym three times. 'I know that's the gym,' he'll tell me. But at least you've got him down in that neck of the woods."

"I don't train for the fight," Roger says. "I train for the party after it. But

continued

"I wouldn't dream of anything less!"



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AT HOME IN OPPORTUNITY, ROUSE PEEKS AT WHAT HIS MOM IS COOKING FOR DINNER

I'm changing. I'm beginning to get a little more settled. Maybe I'm growing up."

"Roger's come a long way," Jovanovich said the other day. "He's not near as bad as he used to be. I keep telling him, it's not that you couldn't be as good. It's that you'd be that much better that much longer. But then he gets around these orangutans. Well, you walk the ice and hope she's solid all the way across."

Roger Rouse started boxing at the age of 9 when his father gave him and Don a pair of gloves for Christmas. They learned the principles from Nat Fleischer's *How to Box*, and to this day Roger has a move called the Fitzsimmons Shift, which is described in Fleischer's book.

Mr. Rouse told me "Don would say, 'Come on, Babe, let's go out in the barn and spar a little. Roger wasn't too keen. He'd come in every night, bawling, pull the gloves off and say, 'Sonofabitch, I ain't going to fight anymore.' But the next night..."

"I wasn't persistent," Roger says. "Don was, I said I didn't want to box, so he'd beat the hell out of me. I figured I might as well box."

Roger got his first formal instruction in boxing from a reformed alcoholic who was training fighters in the back of what is now the Wonder Bar. "He worked on my jab, started on my hook a little bit," Roger recalls, "but then he wouldn't be there. He went on a drunk, picked up a deal-and-dumb girl and got 50 years."

Roger was an all-state fullback at Anaconda High and went to the University of Montana on a football scholarship; however, he injured his knee and never played. Fortunately, he didn't care that much for football. "When he was not even 16 or 17," his mother said, "he wrote down on a form where it said Highest Ambition 'to be champ of the world.' I said, 'Oh, no, you're not handling that in. It's too fantastic.' Yes, I am," he said. "That's what I want to be. Why shouldn't I?"

When he lost his football scholarship, Roger attended Idaho State on a boxing scholarship, but a horse fell on him, injuring his ankle. "He said if his ankle was broken he would become the world's champion bronc rider," says Don. "He even bought a \$25 hat and spurs." As it happened, his ankle was only sprained and Roger was twice NCAA 165-pound boxing champion and a member of the 1956 Olympic team, he lost a split decision to Gilbert Chapron of France in the quarterfinal round.

After Roger's eligibility expired he accepted a scholarship as a student boxing coach at Montana State, but the school discontinued boxing and Roger dropped out and turned pro under Sid Flaherty, who is best known as the manager of Bobo Olson.

"I was pretty discouraged at school," Roger recalls. "I was having a hard time with my studies. I was married, my wife had a baby, we didn't have any money. I was going to the store with a quarter in my pocket for a can of soup."

Rouse joined Flaherty in Portland, Ore., in 1958 and won nine fights and drew one that year. "When I first started I was making pretty good money," Rouse says. "I was averaging about \$600 a month. Then I just kind of lost interest in boxing. I couldn't help thinking I should have kept on in school. And people would tell me, you know what happens when the brain hits the skull, and I'd imagine the brain sitting in there bouncing around. Although I was winning my fights, this stuff was getting to me. Every time I got in the ring I asked myself, what am I a fighter for, why am I punching someone I don't know? Boxing's better than working in the smelter, but you could be doing something worthwhile. I'd feel tired and listless. I couldn't understand it. It was a struggle. I was just plodding along. Flaherty insisted I wasn't training right, so I'd work harder and harder and get more and more lethargic."

After winning three fights in the winter of 1959, the last by a one-round knockout, Rouse more or less gave up boxing. In the next three years he had but two fights, both of which he lost.

He said recently, "There was no enjoyment in it at all to win such dull fights, such poor fights. You can't appreciate anything like that. Flaherty thought I was amemic. I thought perhaps it had something to do with my having rheumatic fever and a heart murmur when I

was 14. I went to the University of Oregon Medical School. They tested me for everything and said I was disgustingly healthy. I didn't know what the heck to think, but I had to be honest with myself. There was more to this than meets the eye.

"I couldn't find a job. It was winter in Oregon and raining. I did landscaping when it didn't rain. Gee, it rained for nine months. They took my car back. We sold our furniture and moved back to Pocatello. I did farm and irrigation work in the summer. In the winter I worked in Eddy's bakery. And I'd daydream about boxing all the time. Flaherty asked me to come back with him. I went down to Portland and got a job with an evergreen company, which I had worked for before. They go out in the woods and cut Christmas trees and boughs.

"Then Flaherty disappears. I fight Sid Carter in Tacoma and lose. Flaherty turns up in San Francisco and he wants me to come down there. I was packing crates with greens for funeral wreaths. I went down there to fight Charley Leslie, but they kept having postponements. I was down for a month and I was only supposed to be gone 12 days. The next fight there were more postponements. I told the evergreen company they might as well get somebody else. Then I realized that what had been bothering me was a mental thing. I told myself I was going to try to go all the way. I knew I could make it. I realized I could fight a little. But the money wasn't there anymore.

"Then Flaherty decided to move to San Jose. I went to San Jose. We fought out of there for a while, but I wasn't making any money. I got \$200 for winning the state title. There wasn't anybody there. I kept after Flaherty to fight in Montana. Let's just go get a payday, I said. Maybe San Jose will develop into a fight town, but I'll be too old."

In 1964 Rouse finally got back to Montana and, in Butte, on November 23 achieved his most notable win up to then, a one-round knockout of Johnny Persol, who was ranked seventh. More important, it was the Persol fight that brought Roger and Pete Jovanovich together.

Jovanovich is 42, has a rosy complexion, gray hair and calls everyone "cousin." He is from Bearcreek, Mont. (pop. 61), where his father was a coal miner, and he first came to Anaconda to work on the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific.

continued

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ROGER ROUSE continued

Jovanovich heard that Butte wouldn't put up the \$3,000 to bring Persol on. "What a crying shame," Jovanovich remembers thinking. "Here's a kid with all the potential, and he can't get off the ground. I went out on the street and caught a couple of guys on the way to the post office. 'Hey,' I said, 'we got a chance to get Persol.' " Within an hour and a half Jovanovich had raised \$3,000 from 10 businessmen who later incorporated themselves as Montana Boxing Enterprises to promote Rouse's fights in Montana. But after knocking out Persol, Roger went back to San Jose, where he was on probation for 10 months for slapping a girl around on a boogie court, and fought Henry Hank in front of 400 people for \$150 and lost.

"I had no money for a room," Rouse says. "I slept in my car for about four days. Once in a while I'd get a room for \$1.50 a night. Flaherty got a hold of me and told me he had a fight lined up in Boise in five days. 'Are you kidding?' I said. 'How can I fight? I've been sleeping in my car, I haven't been eating.' Flaherty asked me whether I had been doing my running. 'Running?' I said. 'How can I run when I haven't been eating?' At the time I was ranked seventh or eighth. 'Oh,' Flaherty said, 'it's just some kid. You won't have any trouble with him. You'll get \$500.' So I went down in some basement and punched the heavy bag and fought George Gaston, who was the Prospect of the Month. I knocked him out in the fifth. When I went to get my \$500, Flaherty had drawn half of it. I had to pay my trainer's way back from Boise out of that. When I got back to San Jose I had \$15. The same old story. Before, Flaherty would talk to me for hours about the glories of boxing, and I'd feel sorry for him and go back to him. This time I left.

"When I think about all the time I tried to make it as a fighter when I could have been working and eating. I always seemed to have an old rattletrap, had to rent a little house that didn't have any conveniences and had broken windows and leaky faucets. I never had a place that had heat in the bathroom. I got a feeling people don't want me to live in those places. I wouldn't say it's all been worth it. Give me another year. Then I'll figure it out. I had to starve too much. There was too much hell."

After leaving Flaherty, Rouse asked Jovanovich to manage him. "I guess ev-

eryone likes to get tied in with an athlete," Jovanovich says. "When I first took over Roger, I had nothing to offer him. I knew nothing about boxing. I never went in with intentions that here's a gold mine, and I haven't taken a nickel out of his purses. What the hell is there to take out? I felt I could do something for him, get a few bucks in his pocket. He never had nothing. I thought by cleaning up his bills. . . . Once he saw there was something in front of him I thought my problems would be over. He had a grudge against the world, a grudge against his manager. Well, we got off the ground. What kind of landing we'll make is something else. It's like waiting for the paint to dry."

"We didn't have equipment. We sat on a bed in the Marcus Daly and ordered equipment out of a catalogue. There was just us two. No sparring partners. He's out there on that lonely road by himself. I tried to run with him. I got pretty good at it. But poor Roger, he's got no trainer, no nothing. We've got to have somebody to watch the clock and hold the towel. I called Salt Lake—spent \$100 on phone calls. Finally I get a trainer and then he can't come because he's got to take a hike with the Boy Scouts. I didn't know how to get opponents. I called Eddie Cotton [at the time the third-ranked light heavyweight] in Seattle. I didn't even have brains enough to talk to the manager."

Rouse fought Cotton twice in Butte. The first fight ended in a draw, in the second Cotton's manager threw in the towel in the seventh round. Rouse beat Cotton again on points in Seattle and defeated Hank in Missoula in a rematch. Since then he has marked time waiting for a title shot. "We'd spend a lot of time up to the house," Jovanovich says of this period. "The wife would cook us a meal, I'd strum the guitar and he'd sing; we'd listen to records, tape, horse around. I kept telling Roger we're next. He'd get all hopped up. Then he'd open the morning paper and read we'd been bypassed. I'd plead with him. Our day will come. We fought Leslie Borden for the North American Light Heavyweight Championship. We were bound to get a title even if we composed it ourself. We were bypassed five times. How many more times could I have kept him together?"

Roger Rouse, who is divorced, has two sons, Matthew, 9, and Bill, 2; his ex-wife

recently remarried. He now lives at home with his parents in Opportunity, because, he says, the cooking is better. The Rouses' home is nothing fancy; the furniture is worn, and the floors are covered with linoleum and tremble to the Rouses' tread. The rooms are painted different colors—apple green, peach, lavender, so that there is something child-like about the house. "We're waiting for Roger to get that big loot," his mother said the other day. "Then we'll have a mansion." Roger gave her a look. "We can dream," said Mrs. Rouse.

We were in the kitchen by the wood-burning stove, drinking coffee. Roger, Don, Jimmy, Mrs. Rouse, Pete Jovanovich, Chappie Hayashi. The conversation turned to Roger's character.

"I'm an easygoing personality," he was saying. "Maybe I'm schizophrenic. Sometimes I'm kind of unpleasant."

"Moody," Don said.
"Mean," Jimmy said.

"I was born under the sign of Gemini," Roger said. "I never know what I'm going to do next."

"He has a real good nature," Mrs. Rouse said. "He always gets up in the morning singing. Of course, if he doesn't like something, he's right there to tell you. He was a very good boy, the quietest of the boys. I always thought Roger and Doug were the best natured."

"I used to be," Roger said. "Life is getting more complex."

"He used to try to avoid responsibility," Don said. "But he's found he's getting farther into it. Roger used to be the quietest. Now he's a talkative character. He's very sociable. He can't get away from a conversation. Why, the other day he was talking to someone in the supermarket for five hours."

"I'm shylike," Roger said. "A nice, quiet boy."

"Moody," Don said.
"Nice, quiet," Roger said.

"Other than that he's all right," Jimmy said.

"He's a good kid when he sleeps," said Chappie, who then showed us how his hip was like Popeye's.

"Have you told him how you used to show your chest for a nickel?" Don said. "There used to be a streetcar that went to town and cost a nickel, and Roger would go up to people and offer to show them his chest for a nickel. I used to egg him on. 'Roger, I'd tell him, 'go show them your chest.'"

"I was a Boy Scout for a month," Roger said. "We had to bring muggies in—or their eggs? I was nominated for student-body president. I said I didn't want it. I told the principal I hope I don't win at Jeopardy, I don't want the thing. I don't care about that stuff. But I was elected. I went to the meetings and sat there like a hooch. When the yearbook came out, they had the runner-up in there as student-body president. That wasn't right."

"Did he tell you about the little black horse he broke?" Don said. "We'd run a bunch of wild horses in, I'd ride one. He'd ride one. He lost the little black horse. It ran away to the mountains."

"He likes poetry and music," Mrs. Rouse said.

"He used to read poetry before he went to bed," Don said. "He and his wife used to read poetry to each other in bed."

"Sentimental stuff," Roger said.

"Here's one hook he put out under the name of Robert Service," Don said.

"You see what I have to put up with?" Roger said.

"He wrote a poem on a shirt cardboard in Seattle," Jovanovich said, "but he threw it away."

"Was it about love?" Roger asked.

"I told him if I could write, I'd write a poem called *Tomorrow Juster Will Be Yesterday*," Jovanovich said, "and he had taken off on that. I found it in the waste can, and he polished it up."

"My poems have to do with life and kindness," Roger said.

I asked him if I could see a poem, and he began looking for one. The first place he looked was in a silver cup he had won boxing, then he looked in or under other trophies and beneath plaster figurines of little Dutch girls and of old men sitting in a row. Don and Jimmy looked, too.

"Patty'll come across one while cleaning and throw it away," Roger said.

"Jimmy will come in drunk and eat them," Don said.

No one could find any poems. Pete Jovanovich and I went down the kitchen steps into the backyard. There was Sam, Roger's white dog, who runs with him in the morning, and the white cat with the black mustache Roger and Jimmy brought home from the Midget Bar after one of their parties. In the yard, too, were engine blocks and sunflowers, beyond these, the mountains where the little black horse ran away.

As we were getting into our car, Roger

continued

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ROGER ROUSE *continues*

or came out carrying a poem someone had finally found.

*It isn't true that men don't cry—
I've heard them through the years.
Soldiers see their buddies die
And I have seen the tears.
A man will cry for his love grown cold
When he feels that love so true
And when memories fade and he grows
old—
Yet, he cries a tear or two
It is said a man should never cry
Or give in to the pain—
But none have cried and once more
tried
And won the world again.
Each man has his cross to bear—
And each must bear his own
He can cry and die or cry and try
But he must do it all alone.*

Before he went to Las Vegas to complete his training, Rouse worked out in the Serbian Church Home in Anaconda. "It's the only way Pete can get his fighter to come to church," says Bob Boyd, the former county attorney of Anaconda. "Roger used to be quite religious." Don says, "Now he's an atheist. That is, he thinks he is."

One afternoon while Rouse was sparring, I sat on a church bench between Dolly Rouse and Jeanne Stratton, Roger's girl friend, who works in a camera store in Butte and has made 29 sky dives. We were talking about Roger.

"He's really moody," Dolly said, "but one of the most compassionate people I know. He's so warm and tender. He's always been quiet, but if you get to talking to him, he'll talk your head off. But he doesn't have a positive mental attitude."

Jeanne kept turning away from the ring. "I don't like it when he gets hit," she explained.

"You're missing a beautiful, beautiful fighter," said Dolly.

"I watch it until I see one coming," Jeanne said.

After Rouse had finished boxing, Jeanne said, "He's real set in his ways. He's not at all conceited. He's real soft-hearted to animals. It struck me kind of funny, him being a boxer, because he won't go hunting. He said it's wrong. He has a lot of compassion. He's real easy-going, but he doesn't really like large groups of people."

"He's real personable," Dolly said. "He's got a good sense of humor. He

really needs the company of women."

Roger came over to where we were sitting and he and Jeanne talked about her father's gold mine.

"You don't know how fast I'd marry you if that mine came in," Roger said.

"What makes you think I'd marry you then?" Jeanne asked.

We are sitting in the Gold Room of the Marcus Daly, about to watch a film of the first Gene Fullmer-Tiger fight, in which Tiger won the middleweight championship.

"Do you think Tiger's as good now as he was then?" Rouse asks while Jovanovich threads the projector. "I think I should be a better man than Tiger. He's not full-fledged. And you've got to get old. It would hurt my pride if he beat me. I've got all the physical advantages."

After the film has been on a few minutes, Roger says "ouch" in the dark as Fullmer gets hit.

Farther along in the film Rouse says, "I can see that Fullmer's fighting his light. I can see where you can jab him. Right uppercuts. Right hooks. It gives me butterflies. The crowd and the noise, knowing what it's like, knowing that I'm going to be in there with him."

And still later, "It looks as though he was hitting harder than with Torres. Just keep moving, moving," he tells himself. "He's open for a short, straight right. Tiger misses a lot. He's a one-track fighter. But if you leave yourself open, he gets in there. Gee, Oh Mmmm. He puts punches together pretty good. It kind of makes you nervous."

When the film is over and the lights are turned on, Roger says, "Well, it looks like a lot of fun. I might try that sport some time."

"I'd say you'd be very good at it," Jovanovich says. "If you can duck punches like you duck me you'd be all right."

We go out into the parking lot. Someone says it will soon snow. Indeed, every day the snow is getting lower on the mountains.

"To have courage you've got to feel you're worth something," Roger says as we are standing around. "That's why I feel for so many colored fighters. The way things are, it's got to be that much tougher for them to feel they're something." After a hit he says, "What was it Maeterlinck said about boxing? 'Violence civilized' or something? 'Some thing to be honored'?"

END

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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

FRANCE, A GO-GO PLACE FOR THE GAMES

Skiing in France today is like a trip into the 21st century. In the Olympic winter ahead, visitors to the Grenoble Games will discover a string of superb new playgrounds many of them never before heard of. Pra-Loup, La Plagne, Flaine, Tignes, Avoriaz. The architecture of these resorts is a triumphantly audacious breakaway from mountain cuteness: the pistes are the best cared-for in all of Europe. Jean-Claude Killy and Marielle Gotschel, whose home town of Val-d'Isère (right) has Europe's best skiing, have given French skiing one shot in the stretch pants. Another has come from government tax relief on recreational building. If the French continue to string téléphériques across the Alps at the present pace, one soon will be able to ski all the way from Geneva to Nice. French ski fashion is as daring as French ski architecture. The clothes designed by Michèle Rosier of Paris are the most advanced in the world. Her Olympic year collection, including the quilted jump suit at right, adorns the cover and helps decorate the next 12 pages. Following, on page 59, begins a guide to the best of skiing in France in an Olympic winter and a guide to the whereabouts of the Michèle Rosier ski gear at home and abroad. Finally, on page 80, Jack Olsen presents his own salty impression of Grenoble on the eve of the Games.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST HAAS



Ski leaps into the future in a quilted velvet suit stretched out in an Avonaz



porthole. A skyscraper soars above La Plagne snowfields and a para-skier descends on them.





Motorcycle jackets, helmets and goggles are Rosier's revved-up



look. At La Plagne the Rolls-Royce of lifts glides to a view of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn,

The ski house of tomorrow is a double-hulled prefab, helmeted



in polyester; the racing suit of today is of the same superstretch nylon worn by French team.



The shingled facade of a condominium is as rugged



as an Avoriaz cliff. The shock colors of a quilted jumpsuit echo those of Avoriaz lift-crew uniforms





Courchevel is the kind of place where the girls ski



in minipants and the lights glow until dawn. It was the first town in Europe built solely for skiers.



SKIING IN THE KALEIDOSCOPE

BY FRED R. SMITH

This winter the Olympic torch not only will light up Grenoble, it will illuminate what until now has been a fairly well-kept secret. France has Europe's best skiing. The Americans who have discovered this fact would scarcely fill the Jackson Hole tram. American skiers have shed away from French resorts because of their reputation for being costly and for being—well, frankly—French. They are more costly than Austria, though hardly more than Switzerland. And they are French, all right—only five of Courchevel's 136 ski instructors speak English. France developed its elaborate ski complex for 1½ million ski-crazed Frenchmen, not to attract the American dollar and the British pound, in this respect French and U.S. skiing have a lot in common. Can you imagine a non-English-speaking French skier coping in Stowe or Aspen? If you plan to go to France this winter, leave your preconceptions behind and you will find in the kaleidoscopic scene reflected in Ernst Haas's photographs on the previous pages the ski adventure of a lifetime.

First, if you want to go to GRENABLE and the Games, it is nearly but not hopelessly too late to make arrangements. They open February 6, close February 18. The sole U.S. agent for tickets is Don Travel Service, 375 Park Ave., New York 10022. Don will send you a detailed schedule for the 12 days and ticket order forms. Only the ice events take place in Grenoble. Everything else is miles out of town, up on one mountaintop or another. No private cars will be permitted at any of these venues on race days, but theoretically non-stop circulating buses will take spectators to Chamrousse (Alpine events), Alpe d'Huez (bobsled), Autrans (Nor-

diés) and Saint-Nizier (90-meter jump).

GETTING THERE: On November 1, Air France inaugurated a daily New York-Lyon service, leaving New York at 7 p.m. and arriving in Lyons at 9:50 the next morning after an hour's stop in Paris. The 14 to 21-day excursion fare is \$359. Full first-class fare is \$792.30. The fare includes a connecting service with Air-Alpes, the French ski-plane company, to Alpe d'Huez, Courchevel or Megève. Grenoble is 1½ hours from Lyons by bus or car. Air Inter, a small feeder line, begins direct Paris-Grenoble flights twice daily on January 2.

Geneva is the other principal port of entry for pilgrims to the French Alps, and Swissair has direct flights leaving New York on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays at 6:55 p.m., arriving at 8:15 a.m. TWA also flies nonstop New York-Geneva on Fridays. The fare is the same as New York-Lyon, and the same Air-Alpes service to the mountains is included. Grenoble is 91 miles south of Geneva, two hours by train, longer by car. **STAYING THERE:** Hotel rooms in Grenoble proper and in the Alpine venue of Chamrousse are almost impossible to find. Don Travel has several Olympic tours which include rooms near Grenoble as part of the packet. The most basic, for the Games only, is \$399. Near Grenoble means rooms in small hotels or private homes up to half an hour away from town, or hotels in Aix-les-Bains, the lakeside summer spa, which will open 48 of its hotels for the period of the Games.

Aix is 45 miles away, an hour by special Olympic train. Don Travel also has rooms in the ski resorts of Alpe d'Huez and Deux Alpes, both about 1½ hours from Grenoble. Steve Lohr of General Tours, 532 Madison Ave., New York

10022, last week still had 60 rooms available in Grenoble. Sylvia Sherman Travel, 6404 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, who hooked Olympic tours for the Far West Ski Association, has 100 beds left in Annecy, a beautiful lakeside town, and in La Clusaz, a ski area. Both are 60 miles from Grenoble. From Montreal, Atlas Tours and Air France has a hockey-fan tour escorted by Maurice Richard, with rooms in Aix-les-Bains, transportation and hockey seats for from \$633 to \$759. Atlantic-Pacific Travel of Montreal has 66 rooms in Chamrousse, the Alpine venue. If nothing avails, try your luck writing directly to the Olympic welcoming bureau, Office National d'Accueil, BP 517, 38-Grenoble, France. This organization has a list of 1,000 rooms in private houses and apartments in Grenoble, all of which they have inspected. They rent for from \$5 to \$12 per day. Many require one week, others two weeks minimum.

I trust that Mayor Hubert Dubedou will not take this personally, but anyone who spends the entire 12 days of the Games at Grenoble, other than teams, press and officials, is either a figure skater's mother or a masochist. Grenoble probably will be cold and foggy—it always is in winter. Restaurants will be jammed, and shuttling in and out of town to the events will be exhausting. None of the ski areas on the map on page 61 is more than two hours from the Olympics. People who prefer participant to spectator sports can go skiing, pausing from time to time to check television to see what's happening in Grenoble. There will be from two to eight hours of live coverage every day in France. For variety the skier can take an Air-Alpes flight, a bus or his own car, and drop in on, *continued*

Ski jump suits of parachute nylon tower above Grenoble, as seen from the Saint-Nizier hill.

say, the opening ceremony on February 6, the women's figure skating on February 10 or the men's slalom on February 17.

If you elect to try this combination experience, buy a membership in the Fédération Française de Ski as soon as you reach France. An FFS card costs \$3.15 and entitles you to about 15% reduction on most lifts and some accident insurance. Ski-school prices in France are nationally controlled—about \$7 for 12 hours of class and about \$4 per hour for private instruction.

The skiing itself is superb. Forty miles from Geneva—the most northerly of the ski areas on the map opposite—is AVORIAZ, a place that should shatter the myth that ski architecture means Bavarian hearts and flowers. You leave your car below, and Europe's largest, fastest téléphérique takes you up a sheer rock-faced ravine to a plateau surrounded by mountains. On this plateau a Franco-Belgian syndicate, three young architects and Jean Vuarnet, Squaw Valley downhill gold medalist, have built one of the most visionary ski villages in the Alps. Shingle-sheathed condominiums (see color), chalets and hotels are rough-faced, truncated cones with all lodgings and balconies facing south to the sun and to the north facing ski runs. The hotel Les Dromonts (\$11 to \$19 per person full pension) has a stage-set lobby with not a straight line in sight, cozy sunken pits around fireplaces, a fur-walled discotheque, a dining room floating above the lobby and bedrooms that are cocoons of comfort—the baths have heated slate floors. There are no cars, just reindeer-drawn sleighs. A series of chairs and Poma lifts takes one 2,000 feet above the village, and you can run all the way down the gorge to the tram station, four miles below. In this, its second season, Avoriaz will have 1,000 beds.

FLAINE, when it is finished, will be another architectural tour de force. The whole town, above the road from Geneva to Chamonix, has been designed by Marcel Breuer, architect of New York's Whitney Museum. It will be built of prefabricated concrete sections, cast in a factory below and taken by téléphérique to the site. Breuer's town will not be ready until next year, but Flaine is opening December 15 for adventurous skiers. Here is what they will find: 300 beds in comfortably furnished workers' barracks, two to a room (no private baths), a cafeteria, a bar, a 60-pes-

senger cable car and five Poma lifts and T bars, 270" of open-slope skiing, 20 miles of trails and a ski school. The price: an incredible \$7 per day for room, meals, lifts, classes. The reason: Flaine wants skiers to help lay out its runs.

Everybody knows about CHAMONIX, the town in the shadow of Mont Blanc, with its dizzying téléphériques, the Vallée Blanche glacier run and the climbing school. But few people know about the Lognon. Those who do consider it Europe's finest single run. The lift to its wide-open snowfield opened four years ago. It climbs in two cable-car sections, 7,500 vertical feet. From the top there is a wide-open choice—plunge or amble, with Mont Blanc over your shoulder and Le Brévent towering ahead. There are 109 hotels in the area. One of the best is the Carlton-Symond and the skiers' favorite restaurant is the Choucas. The new Mont Blanc tunnel makes it possible to ski Italy from Chamonix—Cervinia is only two hours by car. You can ski down to Zermatt from there!

MEGEVE, only 40 minutes from Chamonix, is another world. Chamonix is dark and serious, but Megève is sunny and lighthearted, its skiing on the gentle side, its nightlife fast. Megève is Rothschild country, and Baron Edmond's hotel, Mont d'Arbois, located on a vast terrain that is an 18-hole golf course in summer, is a monument as impressive in its way as the Lognon run. It is the best mountain hotel in France, if not Europe, as calm and self-sufficient as an ocean liner. There are two in staff for every guest, a collection of luxe bars, grills, restaurants and shops, a glassed-in swimming pool and gym overlooking the mountains. Ivor Petrak, the man who turned The Lodge at Stowe into the best ski hotel in the U.S., is the captain of this ship of the snows. It will cost you from \$16 (without bath) to \$30 a night to stay there. Bring your ascots, your Puccini and your jewels.

LA PLAGNE is an architectural phenomenon in yet another vein. Its skyscrapers of varnished wood (see cover and color pages) are as severely elegant as any Mies van der Rohe tower. Although now 6 years old, it has hardly promoted tourism, for La Plagne was designed as a family place and all but 10% of its 4,300 beds are in private apartments. However, this year, following a sort of Vail formula, La Plagne is renting these extremely comfortable accommodations—average

price about \$10 per person a night with lifts and ski school included. Ennie Allais, who master-planned Squaw Valley and Courchevel and who moves next to Flaine, is the man behind the extraordinary ski-and-living complex. The area has unusually good snow conditions, beautifully cared for pistes, and weather that most often gives you an unlimited view from the top—the best in the Alps. There are also hotels at La Plagne—L'Orée des Pistes and the Christiana. Prices range from \$7 to \$17, full pension.

TO COURCHEVEL and MERIBEL add SAINT-MARTIN DE BELLEVILLE, a new ski station, and you have the Three Valleys, three ski areas now linked by uphill facilities on every side, combining to form an enormous roller coaster for skiers. You can even stretch this splendid prospect farther by flying in one of Machel Ziegler's Air-Alpes ski planes (\$1, Feb. 7, 1966) to a glacier, such as the Gheoula, above Saint-Martin, and put about 30 miles under your skis in a day before bedding down at Courchevel.

Saint-Martin, brand new, will one day have 30,000 beds. It will give a student and middle-income family market some of the best terrain in the Alps at very low prices. Meribel is famous for Brigitte Bardot, who has a chalet there. And Courchevel is the town that started the whole postwar ski boom in France and set the pattern for the new resorts. Instead of being built down in the dark valley around an existing town, as was the custom, Courchevel was built up on the shoulder of the mountain, in the certain snow and brilliant sun. It now has 18,000 beds, a veritable New York Thruway of a beginners' slope—the longest in the world—and some *couloirs* and off-piste tours that will snap open your buckle boots. It does not snow down after dark either (see color). The late-night tempo at La Grange and Le Club Saint-Nicolas is a challenge of another sort.

VAL D'ISÈRE, a 10-minute flight (or 1½-hour drive) over the hills from Courchevel, has a reputation for being all too calm after dark. While this is not entirely true, after a day of skiing what *continued*

The towns where Olympic tourists may sleep and the places they should ski are indicated on the map. The inserts picture three of the ski glories of France: Chamonix's Lognon run (upper left), the Avoriaz téléphérique (upper right) and the Grande Motte glacier.



GENEVA

SAVOIRIAZ

FLAINE

ANNECY

CHAMONIX

MEGEVE

AIX-LES-BAINS

CHAMBERY

LA PLAGNE

TIGNES

COURCHEVEL

MERIBEL

VAL D'ISERE

LYONS

ST MARTIN
DE BELLEVILLE

GRENOBLE



CHAMROUSSE

ALPE D'HUEZ

DEUX ALPES

SERRE CHEVAILLEN

ARS

PRALOU

BARCELONNETTE

must be the most sporting terrain in Europe, all you need is a hot bath, a good meal and a good bed. There is no better place to find all three under the same roof in Val-d'Isère than at La Bergerie, the cozy pension and restaurant owned by the Robert Killys, Jean-Claude's parents. Val, as the ski snobs call it, has two steep mountains—the Solaise and the Bellevard, both reached by cable cars (see color). On top of the Solaise there is a superb network of Poma lifts taking you to beginners' promenades or powder tours. Don't let anyone tell you that Val is only for experts—here you can learn on top, in the sun. But an expert could spend a week in the area without doubling his tracks. Best runs are the 40th Super S on the Solaise and the Face of Bellevard. Val is also connected by lifts to TIGNES, a new ski station, at 6,500 feet the highest in Europe, making for another uphill, downslide roller coaster like that of the Three Valleys. This small town has a French and English clientele—only 100 Americans skied there last season. It has one really fine hotel, the Shamrock, where full board costs from \$10 to \$17 a day. This Christmas, Tignes opens the first two sections of a téléphérique to the Grande Motte that take you to 10,000 feet. A year from now this will be extended to the perpetual snows of the Grand Motte glacier, to 12,000 feet.

The French, who make the Poma lift, use it to lace their mountains with fast, inexpensive uphill facilities—a lesson that could be learned by many American resorts. But take care on the Poma—the operators get a kick out of engaging its mechanisms with a jerk and watching the unsuspecting skier hurtle into the air. One other caution: the French ski these areas the way they sidleslip through l'Étoile—and think nothing of cutting you off or skiing right over your tips.

The chances of your staying at CHAMROUSSE or ALPE D'HUEZ, both Olympic venues, are very remote. But there is hardly a greater thrill in skiing than playing Walter Mitty by sking a downhill after the Olympic race is over. This will be possible on February 8. A visitor to Alpe d'Huez, the bobbed *venne* high on a south-facing canted plateau, will be able to ski its sunny slopes anytime during the Games. Alpe d'Huez is high—its téléphérique goes to 11,000 feet and as the alternate site for the Olympic downhill if Chamrousse has snow trouble. DEUX ALPES is the third area avail-

able to skiers who want to take a day off from watching the races to ski themselves. It is 40 miles from Grenoble, with good terrain, fairly easy skiing.

Once you leave the Grenoble area and head toward Nice, you are in the southern Alps. This means that the mountains must be high and face generally north for good snow. There are three areas in this direction worthy of an international traveler's brief attention: SERRE CHEVALIER, VARS and PRA-LOUP. Vars and Serre Chevalier are rapidly growing older centers with good skiing and lift facilities. Pra-Loup is a brand-new creation. Its chief attraction is that it will be the station of Honoré Bonnet, coach of the French team, who purportedly will retire here after the Games. He will come to a year-round place in the sun, a family ski village with no championship trails, but with wide meadows and pleasant promenades, swimming pools year round and golf in the summer.

EATING THERE: Anyone who skis in France leaves with memories of lunches of spicy Savoy ham, omelets, cheeses and fruit tarts with bottles of pale green Crép, served on some mountain terrace. The *moniteur* you ski with will consider it part of his trust to guide you to the best in the area. Your dinners will more than likely be taken at your hotel. But eating in the Grenoble vicinity during the Games will be more of a problem. In town proper there are several good restaurants, serving such Dauphiné specialties as *poulet aux écrevisses* (chicken with a crayfish sauce), various quail dishes (this is a game-bird area) and the omnipresent *gratin dauphinois*, creamy, light scalloped potatoes. Best restaurants in town are the Bec Fin, the Poularde Bressane and a new place that looks old, run by a former wine-tasting champion of France, the Saint-Vincent. Good steaks and good Beaujolais are the specialties of the house. Just outside of town—and hopefully less crowded—you will find the Rostang at Sassenage, grandest and most expensive restaurant around and 20 minutes north on N 90 at Montbonnot, Les Mesanges, a friendly, wood-paneled *auberge* with windows overlooking the Belledonne mountains. At Uriège, on the road up to Chamrousse, stop at La Fondue—a rustic sort of place with a pig on the spit and wine in barrels. The skiing Rothschilds often lunch here on their way to and from the Côte d'Azur.

WHERE TO BUY

Machèle Rosser, who designs and manufactures under her own name and also for V de V in France and White Stag in the U.S., created all the ski wear shown on the cover and the preceding color pages. Prices listed are for American stores only. The quilted nylon suit on the cover is worn by Merja Alanan. The hood has detachable face pieces. The pants, like most Rosser ski pants, are worn over the boots. The outfit by White Stag is at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Aspen Leaf, Denver, and costs \$90. On the opening color page (facing page 46) Rita Scherer wears a quilted nylon jumpsuit with orange horizontal quilting at waist and elbows. This design for V de V is \$110 at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston and Fort Worth, Eris, Paris; Dorothee Bis, Avoriaz. On the next page Merja wears White Stag's quilted nylon-velvet ski suit that comes with a matching helmet. It is \$110 at G. Fox, Hartford. On the following spread Merja wears a purple-and-orange stretch-quilt jumpsuit. It is \$100 at Bloomingdale's, New York, Galeries Lafayette, Paris; Reusser Sports, Megève. On the sixth page of color Rita wears a blouse of yellow acrylic fur and nylon. It is \$80 at Neiman-Marcus; Au Printemps, Paris; Gimball, La Plagne. Rita is also photographed wearing a quilted jacket with acrylic fur collar made by V de V. It is \$85 at Dayton's, Minneapolis, Vog, Paris, Shamrock, Courchevel. On the next page Merja wears a racing suit made of the same superstretch used by the French team. It is by V de V and is \$155 at Hudson's, Detroit; Franck & Fils, Paris; Robert Pitté Sports, Val-d'Isère. The prefab ski house, designed by Gérard Grandval, has a living room, two bedrooms, a bath, and can be put up in three days. It costs \$13,000 in France. On the next to last page of color Kyra Bester wears minipants for skiing with a matching double-breasted jacket in Elastass. The pants are \$55, the jacket \$125, at Neiman-Marcus; Vog, Paris; Richard Sports, Alpe d'Huez. On the last color page Rita and Kyra wear jumpsuits of parachute nylon. They are by White Stag and are at Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Aspen Leaf, Denver, and cost \$60. The racing helmets are by Bayard, the gloves by Patzalt and the goggles by Cebe, all French companies.



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Oklahoma sticks it right to their mustache

That is Middle Guard Granville Liggins' colorful description of what he and his Sooner teammates did to Colorado, winning 23-0 and looking more than ever like one of Bud Wilkinson's famed teams of the '50s

It was springtime in Oklahoma and, like the wheat and barley sprouting from Guymon in the north to the Red River in the south, life was new and fresh and full of promise on the campus of the University of Oklahoma. The previous fall, in his first year as head football coach, young Jim Mackenzie had won six of 10 games, including victories over Texas and Nebraska. Before the season was over, the Sooners were reminding people of those splendid Oklahoma teams of the '50s, the teams that Bud Wilkinson dressed in tearaway jerseys and low-cut shoes and took to a bowl almost every New Year's. Yes, under Jim Mackenzie the Sooners looked like they were on the way back until right in the middle of spring practice—their 37-year-old coach came home from a recruiting trip one night and dropped dead of a heart attack.

"We were stunned," remembers Chuck Fairbanks, the 34-year-old assis-

tant who succeeded Mackenzie. "We walked around in a daze. But then we called the team together and just talked. We decided that the best thing we could do was work together and try to realize Jim's hopes."

Now—only six months later—the Sooners are doing that and more. In six games they have lost only to Texas—by two points after clearly outplaying the Longhorns for a half—and they lead the country in defense against scoring, having given up an average of 2.7 points per game. Last Saturday, in the most important game of the season for both teams, Oklahoma overwhelmed ninth-ranked Colorado 23-0 and in the process amazed Fairbanks. "Frankly, I didn't think we could keep Colorado from scoring," he said afterward.

Nobody did. The Buffaloes, as big and strong as their name suggests, had won five of six games, averaging 21.5 points a game. They could run and they

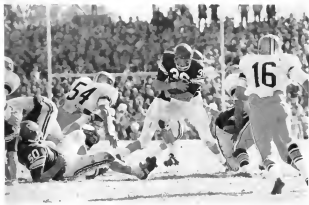
could pass, and there was the distinct possibility that they might muscle the Sooners right off Owen Field and onto the surrounding plains.

On the day before the game Fairbanks sat in his office, wearing a maroon sweater (Oklahoma red is actually maroon, and Fairbanks rarely misses an opportunity to wear the color in some way). "It has been difficult," he said, "Jim was admired by everybody in Oklahoma, I've just tried to be myself. Fortunately, Jim and I thought a lot alike. We both wanted the same things for Oklahoma."

What Mackenzie wanted and what Fairbanks is getting—is a team that swarms all over the field on defense and, when on offense, hugs the ball as if it were life itself. With a lanky 170-pound junior named Bobby Warmack running the attack, Oklahoma has driven 74 yards or more for touchdowns 10 times this year. Senior Ron Shotts and sophomore Steve Owens have alternated at tailback and gained 1,040 yards between them. Warmack will never be drafted as a pro quarterback, but he still has an arm strong enough to flick the ball with authority into opposing secondaries. He is 43 for 74 and 595 yards this year. Warmack, who comes from Ada, Okla., about 60 miles from Norman, lifted weights in high school in an attempt to build himself up, with an obvious lack of success. "I was just born skinny," he says, "but I'm as big as anybody when I get my pads on."

The Oklahoma defense is built around a 219-pound middle guard named Granville Liggins, who shaves his head and is a cinch for All-America. Liggins was hurt throughout 1966, playing only a quarter and a half against Notre Dame, but the Irish still voted him to their all-opponent team. Exceptionally quick, his mere presence in the middle of the Oklahoma defensive line allows the Sooners to stunt as few teams have in the past.

Despite its record, Colorado had been



COMING THROUGH HOLE AS WIDE AS OKLAHOMA. STEVE OWENS SCORES FOR SOONERS

slowed by more than its share of injuries from the start of fall practice. Only once—for 30 minutes against Iowa State—was Coach Eddie Crowder able to get his four best backs in the game at the same time. Wilmer Cooks, the all-Big Eight fullback, stretched an Achilles tendon in fall practice and Tailback William Harris and Slotback John Farler had limped in and out of some games while missing others completely. Still the Buffaloes had managed to win their first five games, largely because of a stern defense and the development of a fine sophomore quarterback, Bob Anderson. The defense had squeezed Colorado past Nebraska 21-16, helped greatly by two pass interceptions; the following week, with five offensive starters out, the Buffaloes had been upset by Oklahoma State 10-7. But Colorado was still the team to beat for the Big Eight championship and a bowl berth.

On the afternoon before the game, Fairbanks sprung an emotional surprise on the Sooners. Gathering his team around him after a brief workout, he motioned to a tanned figure in a gray suit standing on the sidelines. "Men," Fairbanks said, "I want you to meet one of the greatest players in Oklahoma history—Billy Vessels."

Vessels, who won the Heisman Trophy in 1952, had flown up from Miami. He stood facing the half circle formed by the Sooners and said softly, "Fellows, I can't tell you how much it means to come back to Oklahoma and watch you in your biggest game. All I can say is that I'll be on the sidelines pulling for you. And, though I know Coach doesn't like to hear things like this, I'll be looking for you down South on New Year's."

The next day 62,000 homecoming fans filled Owen Field, and two critical plays occurred almost immediately. Oklahoma's Gordon Wheeler, punting from his 32, hurried the kick, and the ball carried only 11 yards. Colorado took over at the Sooner 43 and moved smartly through the Sooner defense—until it reached the 10. There, on fourth down and two, the Sooners held.

"That stand fere us up for good," said Guard Ken Mendenhall later.

"It hurt us terrible," said Cooks.

The Sooners, unable to move, were forced to punt again—and here came a genuine turning point. Wheeler took his time and lofted a high, floating spiral from his 18 all the way to the Colorado

25, where Charlie Greer took the ball and lost 10 more yards trying to return it.

"It sure felt good," said Wheeler of his tremendous kick, "but I owed it to the boss. I had to make up for the first one." "It had a fantastic effect on the game," said Fairbanks. "It turned the whole field around for us."

It did, indeed, for when a weak Colorado punt gave Oklahoma the ball at the Buffaloes' 23, the Sooners made it 3-0. Mike Vachon kicking his first field goal of the year. Oklahoma kicked off and moments later Bob Stephenson intercepted a pass and returned it to the Colorado 44. From there Oklahoma scored in seven plays, Owens going over from the four. By the time the Sooners had added their last two touchdowns in the fourth quarter, the crowd was streaming toward the exits.

"It's just like I pictured it," Warmack said later as he put on a blue button-down shirt and slipped an atrocious blue and gold tie under the collar. "When I was a kid, all I wanted to do was play for OU. I loved Bud Wilkinson, and after he left I hoped it would all be the same again someday. Now, I think it will be."

Granville Liggins was one of the last Sooners out of the locker room. "It was like they sold us all along," he said. "Stuck it right to their mustache, and they won't be as anxious to run at you next time."

Fairbanks was padding around in his bare feet, hoping to squeeze a shower in somewhere between the handshakes and congratulations. "This is a fine team and it will get better," he said.

Jim Mackenzie would have agreed.

—GARY RUMBERG

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (6-1) 2. PENN STATE (5-2) 3. YALE (3-1)

Princeton's Dick Colman, who has been in the Ivy League long enough to know, was right last week when he said, "You can't stand around in this league. Somebody will dump you." Yale caught Dartmouth still savoring its two-point win over Harvard, and almost before the startled Indians knew they were in the Yale Bowl they had been bowled over. Quarterback Brian Dowling, passing and running beautifully, led an overwhelming Yale attack that had Dartmouth down 21-0 in the first period. Fullback Don Barrows plunged over for the first three touchdowns, and two minutes into the second quarter Dowling passed 67 yards to End Bruce Weinstein for another score. Before it was over, Dowling himself ran 30 yards for a touchdown and Yale had piled up 421 yards on offense to win 56-15 and take the Ivy lead.

But the Ivy race still cannot be conceded to Yale, which must play its two old rivals, and big winners, Princeton and Harvard. Princeton defeated Brown 48-14, while Harvard rolled over Penn 45-7. Only at Ithaca was the score merciful as Cornell beat Columbia 27-14.

Syracuse assumed Fullback Larry Conka would be enough to beat Pitt, but Pitt's Dave Hart, who used to coach at Navy, got a look at the Midgies' scouting report, which advised, "Gang-tackle Conka." The young Panthers did, swarming on the Syracuse star

and holding him to 72 yards rushing in 24 tries, though Conka did get loose on a 19-yard pass play for a touchdown. Going into the last quarter Pitt led 7-6, but then the Panthers failed to use their gang-tackling technique on Safety Ed Muntie. Returning a punt, Muntie went down the sideline for 33 yards and a 14-7 Syracuse win. "They gave us the pass," said Syracuse Coach Ike Schwartzwalder, "but we weren't throwing the ball or catching it."

Rutgers Coach John Bateman moved Bruce Van Ness, his talented sophomore, from tailback to quarterback and saw his inspiration rewarded when Van Ness passed for two touchdowns and ran for a third as the Scarlet beat Lafayette 27-3. Villanova upset Holy Cross 23-14 on two long runs—an 83-yard punt return by Frank Boal and a 79-yard interception by John Sodakis.

THE SOUTH 1. TENNESSEE (5-1) 2. NORTH CAROLINA STATE (8-0) 3. GEORGIA (5-2)

LSU and Mississippi, after 60 bitter minutes, decided nothing. Jimmy Keyes' two field goals—tying the Southeastern Conference career record of 25—got Ole Miss a 13-7 lead and then, with 3:22 to go, Kenny Newfield ran over from the eight to give LSU a 13-13 tie. But the extra-point try was wide. "We have to be the unluckiest team in the country," said LSU's Charlie McClelland, reflecting on how it might have been if his team had not fumbled on the Ole Miss one and if he had not suspended

continued

Place-kicker Roy Hurd earlier in the week.

While Tennessee, the SEC leader, enjoyed a 38-0 day off over Tampa, Alabama muddled to a dull 13-0 win over Mississippi State. Auburn, however, brought some excitement to the South while beating Florida 26-21. The Tigers spent the early part of the game trying desperately to block Florida punts, but failed. So in the second half they switched to a punt-return formation to try for runbacks. The result? Linebacker Mike Hohlselaw and End Jim Bouchillon broke through to block two Gator kicks. When Quarterback Lorin Carter ran over from the three and moments later threw a 14-yard pass to Fred Hysit, Auburn was ahead 26-7. But Florida came back to score twice, and the Tigers won hanging on.

Vanderbilt vented out of the SEC and got a 27-14 beating from Tulane, but Kentucky found a friend at last. Though he has been slowed by injuries and spent part of the week in the hospital with the flu, Tailback Dicky Lyons scored all the points in the Wildcats' 22-7 win over West Virginia.

Undefeated North Carolina State had no trouble against Virginia, winning 30-8. Quarterback Jim Donnan threw for a touchdown, Safety Fred Combs ran back a punt 85 yards and Gerald Warren, who leads the country in points by kicking, booted three field goals.

South Carolina, upset by Wake Forest 35-21, fell out of a three-place tie with North Carolina State in the Atlantic Coast Conference, but Clemson was still in title contention. The Tigers beat North Carolina 17-0.

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno claimed to be scared to death of winless Maryland, and his young Lions responded nobly to their coach's cries of "Wolf!" Sophomore Tailback Charlie Pritchard scored three times, and State coasted home 38-3.

Miami played defense Virginia Tech played defense. Miami did it better, though, holding undefeated Tech to 57 yards and three first downs, so the Hurricanes won 14-7. Florida State, however, was all offense against Memphis State. Quarterback Kam Hammond completed 24 passes for 302 yards, Larry Green and Bill Moenman ran for 228 yards and the Seminoles took the game 26-7. Georgia Tech, with Quarterback Kim King back, beat Duke 19-7.

THE SOUTHWEST 1 TEXAS (5-2) 2 HOUSTON (5-2) 3 TEXAS AT EL PASO (4-1-1)

It began as a disappointing evening for the crowd of 53,356, largest ever to see a football game in the Astrodome. Georgia had stopped Houston's Wondrous Warren McVea and led 14-0 going into the last quarter. Then Fullback Paul Gipson scored on a 25-yard run. Even then it did not seem very significant when Gipson got away for 13 yards and slammed hard into Georgia Cornerback Terry Sellers on the Cougars'

43 with about five minutes to play. But Gipson noticed that Sellers had been shaken up and reported it back in the huddle. On the next play Quarterback Dick Woodall faked up the middle and passed to End Ken Hebert, who had slipped behind Sellers, for 57 yards and a touchdown. Gipson swept left end for two points to give Houston a 15-14 win. "This will make me forget the one-point loss to Ole Miss in about six months instead of two or three years," said Coach Bill Yeoman.

It may be that Texas and Texas A&M will decide the Southwest Conference championship when they meet on Thanksgiving Day, but their chances were mighty shaky for a while last Saturday. Texas, sitting on a 28-7 lead, had to hang on grimly to win 35-28 as SMU's Mike Livingston threw four touchdown passes three to Jerry Lewis. Texas A&M, losing to Arkansas 21-14, pulled ahead 33-21 for its fourth straight win and its first over the Hogs in 10 years. Quarterback Edd Hargett threw three scoring passes and Larry Stigert scored on a one-yard plunge. Texas Tech, still very much in the SWC race, too, beat Rice 26-10, and there was even some Saturday solace for TCU. The Frogs, after eight losses in a row, upset Baylor 29-7, with Halfback Ross Montgomery running for four touchdowns.

Texas at El Paso Coach Bobby Dobbs worried all week about New Mexico State, needlessly. Substitute Quarterback Brooks Dawson threw for 426 yards and four scores and ran for two more as the Miners came from behind to win 46-24.

THE MIDWEST 1 PURDUE (6-1) 2 OKLAHOMA (5-1) 3 INDIANA (7-0)

Indiana, pulled up by its seventh straight victory, this one over hapless Wisconsin 14-9 (page 28), was not the only Big Ten team entertaining Rose Bowl thoughts. Minnesota, despite some horrendous bumbling, got past Iowa 30-0 and was still undefeated in the conference, along with the Hoosiers and Purdue. But Coach Murray Warmath was not very happy about his team's performance. "We were careless," he said.

Such carelessness would be disastrous for Minnesota next Saturday when it must face Purdue, which beat Illinois 42-9. The Illini surprised the Boilermakers by coming out in a 4-3 defense instead of their customary 6-2, and for a half Purdue was confused. Then Leroy Keyes began in find running room. The remarkable halfback ran for 225 yards and three touchdowns and passed to Jim Bernie for another to head a second-half rout.

There was some fun for the also-rans, too. Michigan won its 500th game after five tries, defeating Northwestern 7-3, while Ohio State continued the season of gloom

at East Lansing by beating Michigan State 21-7. What disturbed Duffy Daugherty more than his third straight loss was the way the Buckeyes beat his team with passing. Daugherty had expected sophomore Fullback Paul Huff to pound his Spartans inside and he did, 35 times for 120 yards and two touchdowns, but Quarterback Bill Long also completed nine of 11 passes. "I guess it's as easy to get used to losing as it is to winning," said Duffy. Ohio State obviously was not accustomed to winning. After the game three Buckeye players tried to hoot poorly Woody Hayes to their shoulders to carry him off the field. They lifted and lifted—and finally settled for giving Woody the game ball.

Navy was no match at all for Notre Dame as Quarterback Terry Hanratty led the Irish to a 35-0 half-time lead, and Notre Dame won 43-14.

All season long Kansas' Pepper Rodgers and Kansas State's Vince Gibson, both volatile personalities with scorn for defeat and no love for each other, had been waiting to square off. The game should have been easy for the Jayhawks, who shared the Big Eight lead with Oklahoma, but K-State fought them all the way. It took a 30-yard field goal by Bill Bell with six minutes to go to win for Kansas 17-16.

Nebraska and Missouri, out of the Big Eight race now, had their troubles winning. Nebraska beat Iowa State 12-0, while Missouri barely beat Oklahoma State 7-0.

Before the season began, Toledo Coach Frank Lauterbur told some people he thought his Rockets, who had been mired in the Mid-American second division almost forever, could win the conference championship. It sounded like wishful thinking, but last Saturday, with Quarterback John Schneider completing 15 passes for 170 yards and little Ken Crois kicking a field goal and three extra points, Toledo beat Miami of Ohio 24-10 to clinch a tie for its first MAC title. Ohio U., given a second chance when Kent State was forced to forfeit its victory over the Bobcats because it used an ineligible player, can still tie the Rockets. Ohio, which crushed Western Michigan 20-10, has to beat Bowling Green Saturday.

THE WEST 1 USC (8-0) 2 UCLA (6-0-1) 3 WYOMING (8-0)

UCLA's Tommy Prothro saw it coming earlier in the week he had predicted, "The percentages favor either UCLA or USC losing before we meet." Well, his No. 2-ranked Bruins did not actually lose, but came close as close as you can in a 16-16 tie with bruising Oregon State. The Heavers' tough defense concentrated on shutting off Gary Beban's running and succeeded, while Quarterback Steve Proctor and his runners,

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Bill Emyart, Bill Main and Don Summers, prodded sluggish UCLA off-balance with quick pitchouts and thrusts up the middle. In spite of this, UCLA maintained the lead through much of the game, thanks in large part to Zenon Andrusyshyn's field goals from 52, 33 and 26 yards. Yet Oregon State kept coming back, and with 1:14 left Mike Haggard's 28-yard field goal tied the game for the last time. Ibeban took UCLA downfield in one of his heroic charges after that, but an Andrusyshyn field-goal try from the 27 with 12 seconds to go was blocked.

Things were rough for USC for a while, too. Without ailing O. J. Simpson, the unbeaten Trojans had trouble getting away from California's determined defense, led by 235-pound Tackle Ed White, and USC was ahead only 17-12 in the third quarter. Then Coach John McKay changed his strategy. He sent Earl McCulloch, his fast split end, outside on pass patterns, and Quarter-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Houston Fullback Paul Gipson, taking up the slack when Georgia stopped Warren McVea, earned 29 times for 129 yards, scored on a 25-yard run and made a two-point conversion that won for the Cougars 15-14.

THE LINEMAN: Utah State Tackle Bill Staley, 8'4" and 265 pounds, although double- and triple-teamed, wrecked Brigham Young's offense by making seven tackles, ended 11 others and batted down two passes in Apogee 36-9 upset.

back Steve Sogge began hating him. It was all over for Cal when McCulloch beat Defensive Back Bobby Smith for two touchdown passes, and USC won 31-12. "Nobody can stay with McCulloch," said McKay. UCLA's Prothro probably heard him.

Lung-suffering Stanford, unable to beat Washington since 1958, finally got to the Huskies in Seattle when Quarterback Chuck Williams threw two touchdown passes to give the Indians a 14-7 win, and Washington State lost a hard battle of the have-nots to Oregon 17-13. A crowd of 49,536, the largest sports gathering ever in Colorado, was at Colorado Springs to see the Air Force play Army, but there was not much for the home fans to cheer about. Army's Nick Kurliko kicked a 45-yard field goal the first time the Cadets had the ball, and Army never lost its lead in a 10-7 win.

Undeclared Wyoming beat San Jose State 28-7, but Brigham Young found trouble when it went out of the Western AC. It got upset by Utah State 30-9.

San Francisco State's Bob Toledo broke all NCAA records for touchdown passes in a season (32) held by Jerry Rhyme of Tulsa and George Bork of Northern Illinois, throwing eight in a 68-34 win over Humboldt State. He now has 39.

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PEOPLE

Ten years ago, when Penn State put on a performance of *Guy and Dolls*, All-America Linebacker Sam Valentine was chosen to play the role of Big Julie. But this year the Thespians have had to settle for a more potential All-America, Junior Linebacker Mike Reid (below, left). Reid has been away from football since a knee operation in October. The leg was in a cast during rehearsals, but, as opening night approaches, Reid is determined to go on. "I showed up [at the tryouts] and liked it so much I jumped in with both feet," Mike says, electing a rather painful figure of speech for a man in his condition. Says the adviser to the Thespians, "He's a natural for this. In fact, you might even call him a ham."

"Sailing on a sunny day is the nearest thing to heaven anyone will ever get on this earth—certainly the nearest thing I will ever get." If so, it won't be because this happy sailor has no choice of pleasures. The state-

ment was made by Princess Anne of England.

Mrs. Francis Denis, chairman of the hospitality committee at last week's Harrods Open, decided to bring some sociability to the pre-tournament bickering among country club members and friends eager to entertain the big-name golfers by staging a pick-a-pro cocktail party at which the 134 players would be distributed like door prizes. Mrs. Maxine Partridge, a 26-handicap golfer and the operator of a gift shop named the Bird Cage, won Arnold Palmer. After the initial pleasure of having won the first prize—so to speak—went off, Mrs. Partridge began to worry as any good hostess would. "Now that I have him," she said, "I don't know what to do with him." Two single girls who had hopes of entertaining a bachelor pro were disappointed when they drew an obscure competitor who had recently been married. The girls finally managed to palm him off on someone else and tried again. This time they came up with Doug Sanders, who not only is famous but these days is decidedly single. "I hope he doesn't want to play golf," one of the girls said. "We shoot in the high hundreds."

Here in the hopped-up U.S. there is nothing surprising about all the testy complaints that baseball and golf need speeding up, but it is a shock to read that an ex-Prime Minister of England wants to jazz up cricket, of all things. Sir Aler Douglas-Home wrote sternly in a recent article, "Batsmen too often seem to forget that they are there to make runs at a pace which will give the bowlers time to get the other side out." And he went on to conclude ominously, "If the spectators are not going to see a competitive game they will go anywhere rather than the cricket ground. . . . They will stay at home with the

television and switch on to some other sport which gives them action, entertainment and value for money." Well, it's their sport, and who are we in America to tell them how it should be run, but why on earth do they want to eliminate the leisurely pace and traditional tea break? So they can get home earlier to the telly and switch on some other sport?

The sport of kings is, of course, horse racing, but apparently no one has explained that to King Olav of Norway, King Constantine of Greece, Prince Harold of Norway and Prince Albert of the Belgians. They have all gathered in London to spend a week discussing yacht racing.

Sammy Davis Jr. won a stuffed camel and was elected Grand High Sultan of the Reno National Championship Camel Race recently—in spite of not riding the camel. Some of the larger clubs have revived what one journalist refers to as "a sport of the old West—camel racing," though it would seem to be more an older sport of the old East. In any case, word was that Davis was going to enter the competition for his present employer, Harrah's Club. He declined the honor of racing, but apparently he could not decline the honor of winning when his club's camel came in first without Davis aboard. On the same occasion Singer Sergio Franchi, performing at another Reno club, came in second in the ostrich race. Franchi did drive his own ostrich, making him one up on Davis, but he did not win a stuffed camel. Two up.

"Let's get right away from golf and go fishing," British Gaffer Peter Townsend suggested to Bobby Cole and Walter Godfrey during the Dunlop tournament in Canberra, Australia last week. South Africa's Cole got somewhat farther away than Townsend had intended. Bobby



is a brilliant young golfer, but he cannot swim, and an experiment in the Murrumbidgee River nearly proved fatal. The golfers decided to stop fishing and swim 20 yards to a rock. When Cole dived in he did not come up. "All we saw were bubbles," Townsend says. "Godfrey and I dived to immediately, and we saw him in mud on the floor of the river, about 10 feet down. Luckily he's no giant, and we got him out easily enough." If Cole had no previous preference for sand traps over water hazards he probably has one now.

Having a little free time before the start of the baseball season, Joe DiMaggio and Red Sox Outfielder Tony Conigliaro (above) recently took off for a three-week tour of Vietnam. Conigliaro departed unafraid of the Viet Cong—he was apparently too busy with stage fright. "I don't know what I'm supposed to do, except talk. I sing and have a recording out, you know, but I wouldn't dare try it there without a big band behind me."



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A big raid that really paid off

Oakland got Daryle Lamonica from the Bills, the offense got going, and Raider fans had even more to cheer than the 'Eleven Angry Men'

Ten minutes before it was Oakland's turn to select in the first round of last winter's professional football draft, Al Davis finally picked up the telephone and said, "O.K. It's a deal." For months Davis—formerly Oakland's coach and general manager, then commissioner of the AFL during a short but bitter phase of the war with the NFL, now managing partner of the Raiders—had been

haggling with Buffalo over the Bills' substitute quarterback, Daryle Lamonica, but the price, as Davis saw it, was very high. However, the better college quarterbacks had already vanished among the 16 clubs that picked ahead of Oakland, and the Raiders were determined to choose an offensive guard, Gene Upshaw, in the first round. So Davis conferred again with his coach,

John Rauch, who was strongly in favor of the trade, and the *fat* was arranged. Oakland got Lamonica and Receiver Glenn Bass. Buffalo got Tom Flores, who had been Oakland's No. 1 quarterback, and the superb receiver, Art Powell. There was some juggling of draft choices by the teams, too. Then the rest of the AFL sat back to see which club had been shrewdest. The early favorite was Buffalo.

Last week, as Oakland was demolishing San Diego 51-10, Flores was on the Buffalo bench behind Jack Kemp. Powell was out of action because of a knee injury and Buffalo was wallowing near the bottom of the Eastern Division. Bass was on the Houston roster, having been cut from the Oakland squad during the exhibition season. But Lamonica, the ex-Notre Dame star who had spent four years in relief of Kemp, was among the league's top passers, and the Raiders, with only one defeat, were leading the Western Division.

"We were willing to wait a couple of years on Daryle," said Davis. "We knew it would take time for him to fit into our system. We knew we could play defense and we knew we could run the ball, but it was up to Daryle to get our passing game going. He seems to be doing it sooner than we had expected. Now what we've got to watch out for is not to let ourselves get fatheaded."

The Raiders also had inquired into the possibility of trading for Pete Beathard, who was recently dealt to Houston from Kansas City. But Davis insists Lamonica was the man they wanted all along, provided they could not trade for Joe Namath, which perhaps they could have if Davis had been able to deliver Jack London Square intact from downtown Oakland to Shea Stadium in return. Lamonica was, of course, very pleased with the move.

"Each game I'm getting more confidence," he said. "I feel that I'm becoming a leader. I had to improve in a hurry because I knew they were counting on me. By playing regularly, the game plan is becoming second nature to me. I'm getting to the point where I can see situations on the field and use plays, in special instances, that aren't even in our game plan. Some day I want to finish a game with 100% completions. But the fans don't ask about your statistics. All they ask about is whether you win or lose."



PUSHED BACK AFTER SCORING AGAINST SAN DIEGO, LAMONICA APPROVES REF'S CALL

The Raiders have been winning with an offensive line that is an interesting mixture of youngsters (Upshaw, Harry Schults and Bob Sylvius) and eight-year veterans (Jim Otto, Wayne Hawkins and Billy Cannon). Fullback Hewitt Dixon, a converted end, is a tackle breaker and a fine receiver who carries the ball as if it were a cantaloupe. Running Back Clem Daniels is the first rusher in AFL history to gain more than 5,000 yards in his career. The offensive weakness has been with the passing to the outside receivers. Warren Wells, Oakland's fastest and potentially most dangerous receiver, plays behind the well-traveled Bill Miller at split end. But the flanker, Fred Biletnikoff, who used to catch Steve Tensi's passes at Florida State, is gaining a bit more respect on deep routes because he has proved so difficult to cover on the shorter ones. Defensive backs are beginning to crowd him so that occasionally he has been able to fake and turn upfield, as he did for a 70-yard touchdown against San Diego.

For the San Diego game the Raiders filled the city's fine new stadium to its 53,474 capacity—which is quite a change for a team that used to play at a temporary field before fewer people than would ordinarily gather to look at a car wreck—and anybody in the crowd could have told you the main attraction was the Oakland defense. Called the Eleven Angry Men and the Quarterback Killers by affectionate fans, the defense has won hearts in the Bay area primarily because it has the league's best backs, plus coordination, depth and a set of linebackers whose speed is often underestimated by rival coaches. Lovable as these players are, Oakland's mauling of San Diego in the game that many thought was the Western Division's most important in the first half of the season is bound to switch some fan allegiance to the offense.

In the meantime there are the old reliable defenders in depth. When Right Corner Back Willie Brown was injured he was replaced by Dave Grayson, an All-AFL performer of other years. Grayson intercepted three passes against San Diego and covered Charger Split End Gary Garrison like an overcoat. At the other corner is Ken McCoughan, tough, competitive and fast enough to play his man tight. The safeties are Howie Williams and Rodger Bird, who doubles as

one of the AFL's best punt returners. Bird's 78-yard run against San Diego broke open the game. The defensive line is not especially big at tackle, although the ends, Ben Davidson and Ike Lassarner, are 6'7", 265 and 6'5", 270. But Tackles Dan Birdwell and Tom Keating are quick, and the line works slickly as a unit.

It is no surprise that the Raiders have done well this season after two years of finishing second. The surprises in the West are that San Diego has won five and tied one of its first seven games and that Kansas City has been beaten three times. Despite the loss to Oakland, the Chargers have made a strong recovery from a disastrous exhibition schedule that included a 50-7 beating by the Los Angeles Rams on a day when San Diego's corner backs were hurt and Quarterback John Hadl had a grievous lack of time to throw the ball and an equally grievous lack of receivers to catch it. San Diego had several people hurt during the early weeks, and Coach Sid Gillman had not then discovered the running talents of his 5'10", 190-pound rookie, Dick Post. At the University of Houston, Post was used mostly as a power runner between the tackles while his more famous teammate, Warren McVea, got the outside work. Upon reporting to San Diego, Post was placed at flanker to utilize his speed and pass-catching ability. Further injuries to San Diego backs, particularly to Paul Lowe, forced the switching of Post to running back, and he was an immediate sensation. His running style has been compared to that of a good flanker who has caught the ball in an open field. The San Diego offensive line has had an effective year, but the blocking of pulling Guard Walt Sweeney, Tight End Willie Frazier and Fullback Brad Hubbert—another rookie—has received most of the credit for Post's success on sweeps.

In Kansas City's three losses Houston beat the Chiefs with defense. San Diego with offense and Oakland when one of the Chiefs dropped a certain touchdown pass toward the end of the game. There have been the usual rumors of various sorts of discontent among the Chiefs, but Coach Hank Stram denies them. Last year Kansas City had two losses and a tie but won the West easily. This year? Better check the Raiders and the Chargers before betting on a repeat performance.

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Numbers game for the tour

The only important statistic is still the score, but a computerized look at some major tournaments produces revealing results

Golf has long been a game that refused to yield to the American passion for statistics, but rash is the man who thinks the computer won't catch up with him, and it has caught up with the pro golfer. Last April something known as the IBM Sports Information Service took to the road in a large trailer and followed the pro tour for 11 major tournaments, entertaining the galleries at the 18th green with vital, esoteric, surprising, mundane and arcane infor-

mation that was being fed into a computer from all over the course.

Now IBM has taken the next logical step and asked the computer to sum up its observations. Admittedly, the sampling is small, but the results are still revealing. They show, for example, not only that Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer are the best golf players around, which is hardly a surprise, but they also show why. And for the first time it can be seen that Palmer, once unsteady

with his woods, has developed into a wonderfully consistent driver, while Nicklaus, who is driving not nearly so well, is overpowering golf courses with his recovery shots.

The chart at right tells the story. Palmer and Nicklaus drove the ball farther than four of the five other golfers whose overall performances were the best in the IBM tournaments (it should be noted that the length of the drives was measured on only two holes per tournament). They also got the ball on the green more often with fewer strokes. The only thing they did not appear to do best was putt.

Palmer's ability to hit 40', more farways off the tee than Nicklaus and still drive within shouting range of Jack comes as something of a shock and raises the immediate question of why he does not beat Nicklaus easily, for Palmer has always been a good iron player. But it is seen that in the category of greens hit—which is what matters, since it is of no importance how far you hit a ball

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off the tee as long as you can hit the green in the same number of strokes as your opponents—Nicklaus immediately makes up the difference, and then some, for he is on the green in the proper number of strokes 76% of the time, compared to Palmer's 74%. There are some good reasons for this.

With his power and his ability to carry the ball in the air a long way, Nicklaus often drives over fairway bunkers that catch shorter off-line tee shots. This means he does not have to worry as much about the sand. Nor does being in the rough bother him as much as it does other golfers—even Palmer—for

he is able to take advantage of his strength there, too, as he flams the club head through heavy grass and makes sharp contact with the ball in lies that would defeat anyone else. In short, in the IBM events, which included most of the big tournaments of the year, Nicklaus did not drive well, but paid a limited penalty for his tee-shot errors.

Bill Casper, who is widely acclaimed as the most subtle "mover" of the ball, turned up way down the list in both driving accuracy and greens hit. He drove in the fairway only 61% of the time, and he was on the green in regulation strokes only 66% of the time, the worst percentage of any of the seven golfers. Yet Casper led them in putting, with only 119.2 putts per tournament, which comes to 29.8 putts per round. And who was the worst putter in the group? None other than Nicklaus, the leading money winner in golf this year with five victories and \$211,566 in purses. (Do you really drive for show and putt for

continued

A COMPUTER SHOWS WHO RULES THE GAME

Here is how the seven players with the best records in the IBM-charted events—including the Open and PGA—performed in key aspects of play.

	NICKLAUS	PALMER	JANUARY	NIEBOLO	D. SIKES	SANDERS	CASPER
Drives in fairway	63%	73%	62%	57%	62%	70%	61%
Greens hit	76%	74%	69%	69%	67%	67%	66%
Avg drive—yds.	276	272	260	273	256	255	256
Putts per tournament	123.8	122	122.1	122.2	119.4	120	119.2
3-putts per tournament	2.6	1.3	2	2.2	1	1	1.5
Score per round	69.75	70.2	70.8	71	70.7	71	71.1
No. of tournament wins	9	9	8	9	8	9	9
Avg. finish	7.3	8.1	13.2	17.6	19	19	21

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GOLF continued

dough?) Jack took 123.8 putts per tournament, or 30.95 putts a round. Presumably, that should give Casper a four-stroke advantage over Nicklaus in every tournament they play.

How Nicklaus partly overcomes Casper's apparent advantage is revealed in the very nature of the putting statistics. It seems, at first glance, strange that Nicklaus' putting should be so much less accurate than that of players whose records are far less impressive. Not only did he take more putts per event than Casper, but also 4.4 more than Dan Sikes, 3.8 more than Sanders and 1.6 more than Bobby Nichols.

But it is at points like this that statistics fail to reflect the vagaries of golf. The computer does not take into consideration the length of the putts. It is significant that Casper, Sikes and Sanders, who took the fewest number of putts among the golfers listed, also hit the least number of greens in regulation strokes. Obviously, their iron shots frequently were just off the green, and they were able to come out of bunkers or chip close enough to the hole to sink the subsequent putt. Nicklaus, Nichols and January took more putts, but they were hitting the greens in regulation figures from farther away and consequently were faced with more long putts.

The lone exception to the putting rule was Palmer, who was on the green almost as often as Nicklaus, yet took fewer putts than all but Casper, Sanders and Sikes. The conclusion is inescapable that despite Arnold's constant and much-published worries about his putting, he is a very good putter indeed.

The computer was also asked to compare the performances of the 10 top finishers in each of the 11 tournaments with the field as a whole in those events. It developed that the leaders averaged 69.85 strokes a round, while the average for the entire field was 73.1. Off the tee, the leaders averaged 270 yards a drive, six more than the field. They also kept their drives on the fairway 70% of the time, 10% more than the field. They reached the green in the regulation number of strokes 73.5% of the time, and while this is a figure that may give the duffer some pause—one missed green in every four holes—it is still 7.5% better than the field. And they took an average of 29.2 putts per round, which was a putt and a half less than the field. It is these slight variations in ability and

performance that mean the difference between earning \$100,000 a year on the tour and forever wondering whether to splurge on the chopped onion or stick to ham on rye.

The computer was also able to tell something about the courses that the tournaments were played on. As is only fitting, the U.S. Open at Baltusrol gave the golfers their toughest host with par. The entire field averaged 4.3 strokes over par for every round, while Jack Nicklaus, the winner, was only 1.25 under par in setting an all-time Open scoring record. In terms of total strokes, the Columbine CC course at Denver, which was used for the PGA Championship, was half a stroke tougher per round, but Columbine played at par 72 as against 70 for Baltusrol. Firestone CC in Akron was third in difficulty behind Baltusrol and Columbine and second only to Baltusrol in relation to strokes over par. Behind Firestone came Colonial at Fort Worth.

The longest driving by the leaders was done at Baltusrol, a staggering average of 281 yards compared to 252 yards in the rain-deluged Westchester Classic. But Baltusrol got even on the greens where the 10 leaders averaged more than 31 putts a round. The greens were large, fast and hard to read. This figure can be compared with the 27.6 putts per round on the relatively small greens at the Cleveland Open, where the average score per round was 1½ strokes less than at Baltusrol. This says a lot about large greens; they can cost even the best putters four strokes a day.

Golf may never become a game for statisticians; there are too many intangibles connected with it. But it is interesting to think that IBM will have extensive statistics on a total of 25 tournaments next year, and the computer is going to destroy a lot of myths about why some golfers win or lose. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to be able to reflect on such unimportant matters as the fact that after Nicklaus, Nichols and Palmer the longest driver in the IBM events was Rod Funke, that Al Geiberger has won \$68,236 this year, but in the IBM tournaments he putted like a man with his arm in a sling (126 putts per event) and that George Archer has won \$91,502 but in his six IBM events he was almost an even-money bet to hit the ball in the rough off the tee. Golf may be a game for CPAs after all.

END



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A SHOOK-UP TOWN'S GREAT SHAPE-UP

'We survived all the wars only to be destroyed by the Olympics,' says the citizen in the street in Grenoble. But, spurred to action by last winter's debacle and a wrathful voice from the top, the Olympic city has moved mountains and men to get ready for the Games

BY JACK OLSEN

In his long and controversial career, General Charles de Gaulle has never been accused of being a pantywaist, but it was not until recently that his intense fixation on sport came into the open. If one is to believe what one sees in the French press, *Monsieur le Président* likes nothing better than to sink into his favorite easy chair and watch soccer or Rugby or track and field on television. One gets the impression that only his advancing years keep De Gaulle from playing touch Rugby on the lawn of the Elysée Palace like a Gallic Kennedy. According to one report, the General even looks forward to handing out athletic awards, usually considered the dreariest of chores by politicians. *Certainement*, he failed to show up at the exposition of chrysanthemums, but there is no power on earth that could keep him from a sports presentation. "They've done everything but run a picture of De Gaulle in soccer boots and shorts," said an American businessman stationed in the south of France. "You get the idea that the first thing he puts on in the morning is his sweat socks."

The reason for all the new image-making, of course, is the forthcoming Olympic year. The French are trying to rebound from a debacle, the 1967 pre-Olympic meeting at Grenoble, and when French pride is touched nowadays, *stand back*. "All we are shooting for this time is perfection," said Michel ("Call me Mike") Jacquemain, one of the big movers and shakers in the preparations now going on for the 1968 Winter Games at Grenoble. "Each morning the workers who have not achieved perfection are lined up and shot, 11,000 of them so far, but if the result is a wonderful Olympics, it will be worth all the bloodshed."

The result will be a wonderful Olympics, if maniacal determination and millions of foot-pounds of work and thousands of hours of celebration add up to anything at all. The French have patted and graded and manicured and aligned and realigned and smoothed and polished the 1968 Winter

continued



Olympic sites with a frightening dedication that some say comes straight down from the top, from Le Grand Charles himself.

Grenoble, the host town, has been all but sacked in the process, but Grenoble is a town that needed sacking. Almost surrounded on all sides by the French Alps, Grenoble is a sort of Indianapolis on the rocks, the kind of town to which package tours allot one day. The fuss and bother of the Olympic Games have brought nothing but long-range benefit to the town, but not everybody in Grenoble has a long-range mind. The *lawyer* in the street is full of wise-cracks:

"We survived all the wars only to be destroyed by the Olympics."

"If they write a book called *Is Grenoble Burning?* the answer will be yes."

"The man who designed the new Olympic buildings said he was sorry he couldn't attend the dedication, but his kindergarten class was going to the zoo that day."

A candy butcher straight out of *Père Goriot* pulled angrily at his mustache and proclaimed: "Am I selling one extra nougat because of this Olympic business? Not! My customers come from the same old neighborhood. There will be no Olympic visitors there. But, nevertheless, I have to get stuck in the traffic jams, I have to breathe the air full of cement dust, I have to smell the manure on the new grass, I have to push my way through the crowds, I have to listen to the jackhammers from 7 in the morning till 7 at night. And what do I get for all this sacrifice? A 20% increase in my tax! *Zut alors*, I am one lucky Frenchman, it is not so!"

The day, day and night, is car-splitting. Said a *petite Parisienne*, Florence Fourty, as she prepared to cut short her stay in Grenoble, "How can anyone sleep in this town?"

"I know they complain," said a high official of the French Olympic committee, "but when the Games are over and gone, Grenoble will be 20 years ahead of schedule. Anyway, do you know what the Egyptian people said when work was started on the Great Pyramid? They said: 'Cut out all that racket!'"

"Honest to goodness," an American visitor said, "the French are getting to be the Chinese of Europe. Everything is prestige, saving face, looking good all the time." And if ever a nation lost face and prestige simultaneously, it was France at the pre-Olympic meeting in Grenoble last February. The West German, Swiss and Austrian teams pulled out in a mighty Teutonic huff, complaining that their accommodations were fit for dogs, but barely. The weather alternated between subtropical and subarctic. The bobsled run at Alpe d'Huez turned out to be a mistake on the order of the Magmot Line, and the downhill ski run at Chamrousse routinely deposited the world's best skiers on their derrieres. Even some of the local participants gave up in disgust. "It has become a competition between the French

and the Greeks," said one pert French contestant, loading her skis on the top of her Renault and heading out of town.

The reverberations came like cannon fire. "We had expected difficulties, to be sure, but not scandals," said the director, Dr. Robert Hérard. *L'Équipe*, the French sports newspaper, editorialized under the heading *scandale ou crise*. "The affair is very serious. The situation has been abundantly exploited outside our country. In the face of this scandal, this incident must at least show that a great deal of effort remains to be done in view of the Olympic Games. There is not a second to lose."

"In certain offices in Paris," Mike Jacqueman recalled, "there were people who said, 'Look, we don't want to know whether it was your fault, the Pope's fault or Nasser's fault. Do not let it happen again!'"

Armand Massard, president of the French Olympic committee, said, "The prestige of France is at stake in the eyes of the world."

Another Olympic official said in confidential tones, "I am not exactly sure who provided the first impulse of action, except that he had a high tenor voice and the word *grandeur* was heard several times. I am told that the telephone wires fused and had to be replaced." After the call, the whole ponderous mechanism of French sporting bureaucracy was junked in favor of experts from every walk of life, private and otherwise. Jacqueman, a hotshot travel agent from Nice, was brought in to take care of visitors to the Winter Games. The chief stewardess of Air France was invited to head a staff of Olympic hostesses. The city editor of the *Dauphiné Libéré*, a newspaper in Grenoble, was put to work handing out Scotch and press releases to reporters. Roger Vadim, the film director and perennial bridegroom (Brigitte Bardot, Annette Stroyberg and, currently, Jane Fonda), was hired to take charge of "entertainment." A brain trust from the navy department was drafted to work on commissary problems. French tourist agents were called home from all over the world, and others were dispatched to Innsbruck, to Cortina and even to Squaw Valley to find out what went wrong in previous Winter Olympics.

Unfortunately, there was just so much that the French Olympic officials could do about Grenoble, the host city. Perhaps the next thing about the town is its name. Twice it about on the tongue: Grenoble. It has a pleasant lilt, Grenoble, with the last syllable barely pronounced. Grenoble conjures visions of the boy Stendhal, born Henri Beyle, playing happily at the knee of his *grandpère* in the town of his birth; of Hector Berlioz, who loved "excessively, furiously, outrageously" in Grenoble; of Choderlos de Laclos and his *Liaisons Dangereuses*.

The political history of the town is equally memorable. One is told of the day in the 18th century when Louis XVI's trail boss rode toward Grenoble to tell the people to smarten up and obey the king's laws. "So your old man!" cried the citizens, peering down at the governor from their rooftops, and they pelted him out of town with tiles. Since that

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time the phrase *conduite de Grenoble* has been in popular use throughout France. Directly untranslatable, it means "the bum's rush." When a bartender decides that you are becoming obnoxious, he tells you to cool it or you will be handed a *conduite de Grenoble*. Such is the order of the city's contributions to the rich French language. One is also given to understand that the French revolution was born at a meeting not in Paris but in the Dauphiné, of which Grenoble is the capital.

The trouble is that all this history is small consolation when the fogs and smogs of industrial Grenoble bunker down on the city as though from an inverted bowl of mushroom soup, or when one looks about at the tawdry high-rise cement-gray apartment architecture that symbolizes the town's abrupt wrenching into the 20th century, or when one comes up against the intense provincialism of some of the inhabitants. Nowadays Grenoble likes to advertise itself as "the city of Stendhal," which indeed it is, except that the author of *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *Le Chartreux de Parme* got out of town as fast as his stubby legs could carry him when he came of age, and he never returned except for short visits to his relatives. Stendhal hated Grenoble and the people of the Dauphiné to his dying day. He characterized the city as a dull, drab, colorless place peopled by the *petit bourgeois* and the *nouveaux riches*.

Time has changed Grenoble, but not entirely for the better. The university now has a student body of 18,000, and all over town there are technical centers and laboratories where important research is under way. But the scent of the chemical industry hangs in the air when the wind is wrong, and one finds a ring of dirt on the inside of one's shirt collar after a few hours' wear.

The population is of two distinct types: the old Grenoblois, a mountaineering sort of person, stolid and quiet, of whom other Frenchmen say, "Even his breath comes out cold," and the new bourgeois, the booster, the go-ahead provincial who is pushing for *la journée continue*, "the continuous day," a workday made up of nine hours with 45 minutes off for lunch instead of the traditional French 10-hour day with two hours of food and relaxation. "And we will get it, too," says a Jaycee type of young man, his eyes fixed unblinking on the future. "Grenoble always moves ahead. Now we have 250,000 people. By the year 2000 Grenoble will be a city of half a million, all of them on the 45-minute lunch. Don't forget. Grenoble is a city in motion. We received the blue ribbon of construction for putting up more new buildings per capita since World War II than any other French city." Yes, the visitor is almost constrained to say, and it looks it.

But no matter. The tradition of the Winter Olympics is that it should be headquartered in a town that needs a transfusion, thus serving two purposes, and Grenoble meets the requirement. In the month after the Olympic athletes go



"We will be ready," says Dr. Hévaud. But all Grenoble is waiting for the most valuable ingredient of all—snow.

home, 3,000 of the city's underprivileged families will move en masse into new housing put up for the Games. "Sure, we could have had the Olympics in beautiful little towns like Alpe d'Huez or Val d'Isère," an official explained, "and then what would we have done with 3,000 new housing units when the Games were over? It would be like putting up 3,000 low-rent apartments for poverty-stricken people of Squaw Valley."

When all the skiing and bobsledding and ice skating and jumping and luge are over, Grenoble will find itself with any number of improvements: a new town hall (metal and glass and gray cement and formless statuary), a new prefecture of police, a new house of culture and conservatory of music, a new major hotel, a new railroad station, countless new car parks and hundreds of miles of first-class roads. It will become one of the first cities in France to boast a belt highway running entirely around the city and functioning both as a bypass and a rapid connection between major auto routes in and out. In other French towns the motorist has two choices when he approaches the city limits: he can take a main route marked *Centre Ville*, which will take him unfailingly into the traffic jam in the middle of the business district, or he can follow a route marked *Poids Lourds* (heavy weights), which will convey him on a roundabout tour of the outskirts of town, past the home of the defeated candidate in the last mayoral election, on to the city dump and finally disgorge him on the other side of town. In either case, getting through a French town by car is all too often like getting out of Yankee Stadium after a Giant game. "That is one of the nicest things about the effect of the Olympics," said a visiting Belgian businessman in the lobby of Grenoble's Park Hotel. "After the Games, you will be able to take the belt highway and avoid Grenoble. I call that genuine progress!"

continued

The effect of all the road-building has been to tie Grenoble into a vast traffic jam for the better part of a year. There are times when the city resembles a huge car park, with nothing moving from one end of town to the other. In the late afternoons the inhabitants like to line the rails of their high-rise apartment buildings and watch the frustration below. Rewarding scenes flash before one's eyes with regularity. Consider: six lanes of traffic are inching along Boulevard Maréchal Foch, and one lone traffic cop stands at the busy corner of Rue Marceau, where three more lanes of traffic are trying to move across. In his black uniform with white cuffs and white-banded hat, the policeman looks like a domino in a high surf. He runs from car to car, he points, he beckons, he implores, he wags his fingers. But no matter how he tries, he cannot keep the Grenoblois from wedging their cars into the intersection and blocking the flow in all directions. To make a bad situation worse, the street is ripped up, and at this very intersection Boulevard Maréchal Foch changes abruptly from six lanes to three, presenting a merger problem of indescribable proportions. Still, the policeman struggles manfully, occasionally extricating a few dozen cars from the mess and sending them on their way. But what is this green monstrosity coming into sight far down the boulevard? It is a lumber truck pulling a lumber trailer, the whole articulated rig stretching a good 80 feet. The cop looks. The *convion* lurches forward. And just before it reaches the tangled intersection, the driver starts blinking for a left turn. The policeman throws his hands in the air and walks off.

One can imagine the effect of such situations on the nerves of the townspeople of Grenoble. "Olympic Games, *merde!*"

said one. "We are the first city in France to improve on the *sens unique*, the one-way street. Here in Grenoble, cradle of the French revolution, center of atomic industry, we have invented the no-way street! You speed along at zero kilometers an hour, and when you get where you are going you are exactly where you started!"

This same citizen harbors nothing but suspicion toward an electronic computer that will run the city's traffic system during the two weeks of the Olympics. "The experts think it is all so simple," he said. "They feed information into the computer from various places around the town—the number of cars, direction of flow, the length of the waiting lines—and then the machine sets up advantageous detours and adjusts the traffic lights. What do they think we are? Germans? You cannot regulate French traffic by machine. What will the machine do about my friend Jean-Baptiste who parks his car in the middle of the street to run to the *piacoir*? Or my wife who makes the—how you call it?—U-turns across the islands of the traffic? It will be chaos!" Well, it will not be chaos, if only because the French government is absolutely hell-bent to have every last road completed long before Olympics time, and also because most of the Olympic action is going to take place in the sticks anyway, in beautiful and colorful venues like Alpe d'Huez and Villard-de-Lans and Aurans in the Vercors. As soon as one drives out of Grenoble, one sees the truth of a line in the town's promotional brochure: "Every street ends in a mountain and every mountain has a new surprise." There is one mountain where the monks keep busy making hooch. They call it Chartreuse. On another there are monuments to a French Resistance hospital, located underground and totally destroyed by the Germans in World War II. One mountain boasts a cave almost a mile deep. There are oxen pulling wagons, bubbly streams, genuine milkmaids milking genuine cows. And there is food, some of the best food in France, which is to say, some of the best anywhere. Antheime Briffat-Savarin was born in the Dauphiné near Belley, and his influence lingers. The 45-minute lunch, indeed! How can one pay proper homage in 45 minutes to dishes like pike with cream, soufflé of crayfish, *gorrion dauphinois* with larks or quail or chamons, cheeses like Saint-Marcellin and Saussage blue, local wines like Sainte-Marie-d'Alloix and Seyssel? Eating is a shared pleasure in the restaurants of the Dauphiné.

Unknown myriads of visitors will be spilling into Grenoble's restaurants and hotels for the Winter Games, and one can understand the mixed emotions of the locals. At first, there was much gleeful hand-rubbing, especially by businessmen, who figured to make a killing. Then the government announced a price fix. All business establishments in Grenoble and environs were ordered to maintain their price levels of February 1967. How could anybody prove what the February levels were? Simple, said the government. Back in February, when nobody was paying attention, undercover teams of investigators had visited every bar, every hotel,

continued



One of the great passions in Grenoble right now is watching the traffic—particularly where six lanes change to three.

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every restaurant in the Dauphiné and had come away with a full price list from each. Any speedy operator who tried to boost the tariffs now would find himself closed down for the two weeks of the Olympics. The locals inquired as to what fascistic law the government thought it was functioning under. High officials in Paris trundled out something called "Special Authority for Special Events," and that was that. Even the taxi drivers, those traditional French bandits, will be affected. "Anybody who thinks that a cabdriver is trying to take advantage of him," Mike Jacquemain explained, "has only to demand that the driver take him to the nearest police station. That usually ends the problem. But if the driver heads for the station, beware! It can only mean that this time he is in the right, that he is charging you the legitimate 50% extra for travel after 10 o'clock at night, or the legitimate extra for baggage or something like that. In which case, you'd better just quit arguing and pay!"

It fell to Jacquemain to figure out where to house the expected torrent of visitors, variously estimated from 50,000 to 100,000. "The hotels of Grenoble simply weren't up to it," Jacquemain explained. "They're adequate for the needs of the town, for businessmen stopping over for a day or two at a rate and tourist buses pulling in at night and leaving in the morning, but not for the crowds that turn up at Olympic Games. On the other hand, it was the same at Innsbruck, at Cortina, at Squaw Valley. All those places had a hell of a time accommodating people. There never has been a Winter Olympics without complaints that somebody got lousy rooms, and there's a very simple reason. The Olympics for summer can be held in big cities like Mexico City, Rome, Melbourne, and even then you have problems. But in a city of Winter Olympics you must be near mountain resorts, and the largest cities you can find near mountain resorts are still bound to be small cities, and that is what you've got to work with."

Jacquemain and his fellow specialists lined up every hotel room they could find within a two-hour train ride of Grenoble and still came up 5,000 beds short of

20,000. "So we took ads in the local newspapers. We wrote that we knew Grenoble had the reputation for being a cold city, like all mountain cities, that people didn't open their doors and their hearts easily, but could we overcome the barrier just this one time? And we did. Every day dozens of people came to the city hall offering accommodations for the Olympic visitors. Of course, some of them were just out to get rich quick. They'd offer an attic room with no toilet for 50 francs (\$10) a night. We inspected every accommodation, and the ones that were substandard were put into our files with a big black spot in the upper right corner. It was what you call a blackball. On the other hand there were families that offered very nice rooms and said they would not accept money. We had to turn this down as well; it presents too many problems. Let's say you come back to your free lodging at 2 in the morning after celebrating your country's great victory in ice hockey and the owner says, 'Well, that's fine. We've been waiting up all night for you, and now you can sleep on the porch!' We want our visitors to be able to return home when they want to, and if you pay a little something for your room you're entitled to come in when you want. We didn't want anybody treating our guests rudely and then saying, 'Well, he's not paying, so what?'"

Jacquemain and his crew have already assigned 500 Czechs and 300 Intourist clients from the Soviet Union to inexpensive quarters in a seminary in Voreppe and a church school in Montfleur. "But first we spoke to the *abbé* and we told him that these people are probably atheists, by definition, and we asked him if he could resist the temptation just this once. The *abbé* said, 'We will try not to indoctrinate them if they do not try to indoctrinate us.' So we conveyed this information to the Czechs and the Russians, and they agreed that nobody would try to sell anything to anybody!"

With Mike Jacquemain solving public accommodations crises left and right, others turned to the techish problem of where to put the thousands of athletes and their coaches, the precise problem that stirred up the ruckus in the 1967 tri-



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als. Not that the French have ever admitted that they had anything to be ashamed of last February. The current line among French sporting officials is that the crisis of accommodations was a phony, a red herring thrown out by Austrian, West German and Swiss coaches who knew they were going to lose and were seeking an out. "Let us consider some facts," said Dr. Héraud, who took most of the rap in 1967. "The Austrians announced in advance that they were going to send a delegation of six to the men's downhill site at Chamrousse, and instead they showed up at midnight with 14, and most of them were not even athletes. When they were told that the nonathletes could be housed elsewhere, they said no, they all wanted to stay together. So, naturally, they had to be crowded. The next day everything could have been ironed out easily, but the Austrians said they didn't want to be bothered. Meanwhile, we have reason to believe they were conspiring with the Swiss and West German teams to stir up an excuse to avoid competition. Why? Because one week earlier the French B team had beaten the Austrian A team, and they knew they were going to lose in a large way. So first they used the press. I remember one picture in a foreign newspaper that showed 10 athletes crammed into one small room. But we can show by the very faces in the photograph that eight of the so-called athletes were people who were just hauled off the street for the picture. They used documents like this to prove that they were treated badly. But if they have been treated badly, why have the Swiss already applied for exactly the same quarters this year?"

The French authorities were especially galled by the fact that after the annoyed delegations had founced off—"Tonight we sleep in friendly Switzerland," said the Austrian coach as a parting shot—the whole winter sports Establishment tended to side with them. Jean-Claude Killy, the top French skier, and Anne Famose, the slalom star, said publicly that they would have done exactly the same as the visitors, and the Napoleonic French coach, Honoré Bonnet, backed them up. The Italian coach said, "We

have been ordered by our federation to race. We are obeying as we must. But it is possible that during the downhill our racers might stop halfway down the course to watch the others pass, because we feel ourselves allied with the Germans, the Austrians and the Swiss."

"What is so new about the Italians stopping halfway?" asked one Frenchman, but most remained steadfastly on the side of the affronted visitors. "It was simply because our own people believed what they read in the newspapers," said Dr. Héraud in the cool light of retrospect, "and the papers said that the French had been unfair to everybody but themselves. It was very comforting to certain teams to make the French appear as the villains. Even our own government believed the story for a while. I myself, every time I bumped into somebody in Paris, had to give a complete explanation. The Ministry of Youth and Sport finally sent a delegation to the downhill site at Chamrousse—I think they were encouraged a little by President de Gaulle—and they discovered quite quickly that the accommodations crisis was entirely artificial. But by then it was too late to undo the blow to our prestige."

At the Xth Winter Olympics next February, there will be no accommodations crisis, either real or fictional; there will

be no repercussions about which team is staying in a three-star hotel and which team in hovels, or which team has one toilet for each 10 athletes and which team has deluxe bathrooms. All participants—athletes, coaches, ski-waxers, skate-sharpeners, water boys, timers, judges and other plenipotentiaries—will be housed in Olympic villages at Grenoble, Chamrousse and Aurans. The only exceptions will be a handful of bobsledders and tobogganists, less than 100 in all, who will have to make do in hotels at their own venues, miles from the major action. "We are taking no chances this time," said Dr. Héraud, a handsome, excitable man whose voice tends to go off in a squeak at the end of his sentences, like the baker talking to the *gendarme* in prewar French movies. "We are saying to each country in advance, 'Tell us how many you will be bringing and we will prepare exactly equal quarters for all. But if you bring extra people, as some of you did last year, they will be absolutely forbidden to live in Olympic villages.' We are setting aside three days in December for journalists of all countries to visit the athletes' accommodations; if they have any complaints, they can write them at that time. And on top of that, we are inviting an inspector from each country to look at the accommodations in advance."

continued



At the pre-Olympics at Chamrousse, the Austrians founced out of town taking the Germans and the Swiss with them. All claimed they were housed like sardines.

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So where is the trouble going to come from this year?"

Well, some small criticism might be heard from students of esthetics. Chamrousse, the village where men's and women's Alpine events will take place, has been called the painted lady of French ski resorts. Until recently, it was a hodgepodge of A-frames and chalets and pop stands and ninth-class hotels, the whole devoid of form, having "a place in the world of skiing but peripherally rather than centrally," as the *London Times* put it. One American described the architecture and layout of Chamrousse as "half-Aspen." But the French have applied themselves to the problem, and the painted lady has been refurbished and face-lifted almost to the very edge of respectability. Two entirely separate road systems now link the village to Grenoble, 19 miles down the mountain, and traffic will flow in a continuous belt through the competition areas. Modern shopping centers have sprung up, with arcades to protect window-shoppers from the winter winds, and dozens of small and handsome lodges have been built. Clearly, Chamrousse intends to stay in business on a larger scale after the Olympic hubbub dies down.

As for the Alpine sites themselves, the French are fond of saying that they have moved mountains. Some 300,000 cubic meters of earth were shifted around on the slalom trails alone, and major improvements were made in the women's downhill, which ends smack in the center of Chamrousse. The men's downhill run may well take its place as one of the finest in the world, and the French are treating it like a Cecil B. de Mille production. Soldiers of the French army walk up and down the slopes, poising the area as though six feet of snow were not going to cover it all up anyway. From the first snowfall, around late November or early December, a contingent of men will be stationed on the course, their shovels at the ready, tamping the snow base into shape. By the time the first skier runs the course in February, the snow will have been hand-carried for two months.

All this superattention to detail on the men's downhill was the idea of Ski Ex-

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pert Paul Briglia, a handsome, must-tatched sportsman who functions as the director of sport for the Winter Games. "Last time there were suggestions that we made the course so difficult that only the French could get down," Briglia said, chucking. "But that is simply not true. It's just that last time the pre-Olympic events were handled by a small group of people with a limited budget and this time the Olympic events are being handled by France. Last time the course was not ready, we do not deny. Certain bumps were too sharp. Certain turns were not perfected. It was a difficult course, even for the French."

Last February, Britain's Jeremy Palmer-Tomkinson stood at the bottom of the men's downhill, brushing snow from his pants, and said, "What this course wants is a major bashing with shovels. It is terribly rutty and full of moguls. After all, there are other nations who want to race in addition to the five expert Alpine powers. The idea of the downhill is to get everyone down, not to kill them." Japan's Yoshihazu Fukuhara crossed the finish line on his backside. "I fell down and broke my skis and lost my glasses," he said. "The Japanese are not so good at downhill racing."

This year's visitors to the downhill course near Chamrousse have pronounced it just about perfect. *Les bosses du coq* (the bumps of the rooster), a series of bumps that consistently troubled skiers last year, have been softened slightly, as have the Emile Allais bumps, two artificial cofferdams inserted just ahead of the finish line to make matters more interesting at the end and named after the Cardinal Richelieu of French skiing. "Last year the Allais bumps came to a sharp point, and we actually put two Japanese skiers into orbit," a construction foreman said at the site. "They appear over Chamrousse every morning at 2 o'clock, calling for an interpreter."

The course still begins with a chute that comes off the top of a shack installed for timers and skiers at the beginning of the run, 7,319 feet from the finish line, and runs down a very steep patch for several hundred feet. The first serious problem for the skier comes at a sharp right turn

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at the end of this pitch. "If he makes that, at least he will live," said Briglia. "The maximum gradient is only 65%, and the average is only 29%, and the total vertical drop is a mere half mile. Who can complain? But while we have modified the course somewhat, we have still left the fast line for anyone who chooses to take it. In other words, the course has been made more forgiving, but for the superior skier it is even faster than it was last year, when Killy got down in two minutes and six seconds. We expect that mark to be broken."

The last great problem facing France's brain trust of Olympic planners was the bobsled run, an \$800,000 headache that snakes down the shoulder of a mountain high in the Grandes Rousses in the popular resort town of Alpe d'Huez. There are certain Frenchmen who have been advised by their doctors never to think about the bobsled run at Alpe d'Huez, and certain competitors who can still show you their scars. "You can just imagine how we feel," said the easygoing Briglia. "We wanted to build the last word in bobsled runs, so we hired Italian Architect Luciano Galli to make the design. Not that there are many bobsled-

course designers to choose from—a man would starve to death if that's all he did for a living—but Galli is the undisputed best of the best. He designed the course at Cervinia, and that is a very high recommendation. So he laid out our course at Alpe d'Huez, and it was a—what do you call it?—a lemon!"

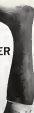
In fact, the bob run at Alpe d'Huez was so bad as to be almost unusable. Its curves were too narrow and tight, and there were sharp drops coming out of turns that tended to send the sleds into uncontrollable spins. The layout dropped 459 feet in less than a mile and included a labyrinth, six hairpins or near-hairpins and four high-speed curves, and practically every foot of the chute was flawed in one way or another. During the four-man bob trials, only the Italian team was able to get to the bottom. The two-man runs produced so many injuries that the French press took to calling the event "un massacre." To round off the glorious bobsled meeting, little Alpe d'Huez began living up to its reputation as the world's sunniest ski resort, and every afternoon the course was turned into tapoca. The authorities took a brief fling at holding the runs at night, under an eerie

continued

At the end of the Chasseronne downhill last February the moguls were so big that two of the Japanese racers were sent into orbit.

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GRENOBLE *continued*

glow from sodium-vapor lamps, but finally gave up and canceled the whole card. Said the maintenance foreman: "The course is an \$800,000 mistake. The best thing to do with it is break it up and put it into trucks and drive it back down to Grenoble." The American racing veteran, Fred Fortune had a simpler solution: "Blasting!"

But the French neither broke up the course nor blasted. "We managed to change the entire profile of the run, and it only cost a few hundred thousand dollars," said Paul Brighia. "We found that we could correct the worst turns by simply widening them, by adding concrete up the sides. We also banked the course as little as a few inches and as much as four feet more. This means that the bobsledders will have a multiple choice of risks, just like the downhill skiers. Teams that want to take the most direct line can take it. Others can go farther up the wall and use the banks more. It will slow their time, but at least they'll get down."

As a final correction, the French built three refrigerating units into the course. "Now it doesn't matter what the sun does," said Brighia. "The run will stay frozen even in temperatures of 100°. No, that has never been done before, but then we are doing a lot of things that have never been done before."

What problems remain?

"One little item," said Dr. Robert Heraud. "We call it *ridge*. You call it snow."

In the Place Victor Hugo, a pleasant little square surrounded by the honk and holler of growing Grenoble, the citizens gathered in knots and scanned the sky for snow. "It is coming soon," said the little old lady. "I feel it in the toes." All the cronies nodded assent, because the little old lady's toes could not be wrong, must not be wrong, about such an important matter.

In his office in the gleaming new city hall, a member of Mayor Hubert Dubedout's staff looked westward into a cloudless sky and said, "What can be done is done. *Maintenant c'est dans les mains du Grand Seigneur*. Now it is in the hands of God. The rest we did ourselves."

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MINERAE

Sirs

I would like to add a couple of points not mentioned in Emmett Watson's article on the grizzly incidents in Glacier National Park (*Miner in Our Northern Parks*, Oct. 30). First, it came out after the incidents that it was customary for people to feed the bears at the chalets in the backcountry. I don't remember if the bears in question were grizzlies, but I think it is fair to say that if grizzlies in that vicinity became used to associating food with human habitation then they would be less wary of breaking into a camp. Such a situation, I think, would greatly increase the chances of attack, particularly if the bear were aroused or frightened. Bears that have lost their fear of man become especially dangerous.

Second, I think it is inevitable that as more and more pressure is put on backcountry areas, i.e., greater visitation by hikers, more contacts will be made with the grizzly in his wilderness habitat. The only solution is the recognition of this fact by hikers and the use of extreme caution when traveling through these areas.

JOHN F. BRIDGER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs

In the future, when Mr. Watson undertakes to write about grizzly bears it might be of advantage to his readers if he would verify his facts. His reference to Hugh Glass being abandoned by four companions is inaccurate. Hugh Glass was abandoned by two companions, John Fitzgerald and Jim Bridger. When Glass recovered he found Bridger at Ashley's Fort on the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers. He forgave Bridger, because it was Bridger's first trip West. Glass then pursued Fitzgerald to a fort on the Missouri River, where he also forgave him.

HARRY N. BLACOCK

Cleveland

• Hugh Glass was a semilegendary figure, but unquestionably a great mountain man. Every detail of his life has been debated and questioned—except for the fact that he was attacked by a grizzly and abandoned by his companions. —ED.

Sirs

I started very casually to look through Emmett Watson's article telling of the two girls killed by grizzly bears, but found it so absorbing and educational that I could not put it aside until I had finished it. The author and SA deserve special commendation. You may save others—otherwise unaltered

from being fatally mauled by grizzlies. The article should be carefully and widely read and its warning heeded.

G. M. W. KOENIG

New York City

TRIUMPH IN DEFEAT

Sirs

As a recent student and self-proclaimed expert on the sport of boxing, I have read many tales of the exploits of the colorful heavyweights of a bygone era. By comparison, our recent "great," questionable citizen and braggart champion, and his somewhat less than articulate predecessor of shady background have led most of us fans to wish, in vain, for a return of those good old days with a hero we can look up to.

But wait! Today I saw something on television that compels me to write this. I saw a man with fantastic courage. A real man and a humble man. In fact, he has all the qualities that fans should look for in a hero. He has been laughed at, "punished," counted out at the ring and disregarded by the writers of his sport and life. There he stood today, the loser to Jerry Quarry by a decision that was booed by his opponent's home town crowd (*They're Still Waiting for Jerry*, Nov. 6). He stood above all the undeserved abuse and ridicule that has been heaped upon him. My hat is off to Mr. Floyd Patterson, a great boxer, great athlete and fine human being. I am proud to be living in his era.

GARY K. BRINKLE

Hamilton, Ohio

Sirs

The Patterson-Quarry fight sank the World Boxing Association and California boxing to a new low. Not that the fight was a bad one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the most exciting of the so-called heavyweight championship eliminations. The only thing wrong was the judges' decision.

Although I am a former registered second in the State of Maine, I do not consider myself a boxing expert. But I can declare plainly that, no matter how many points were given to Quarry for his knockdowns, he could not conceivably have won that fight in a fair decision.

DAVID B. SACHMAN

Mountain View, Calif.

KRAM SLAM

Sirs

I am Oscar Natalio Bonavena, Argentina's heavyweight boxing champion. As you know, I have the honor to participate in the world selection tournament organized by Sports Action Inc., under the surveillance of the World Boxing Association. I take

part in it because I honestly believe that I will be the next world champion. This is what really encouraged me and makes me continue with more faith than ever.

There is something I would like to tell you before I go into the reason for this letter (the first I have written to a magazine editor in my three-year professional career). Every time I climb into the ring I think of the 20 million Argentines who believe in me, and so far I have not let them down—either by winning or losing—because I have always behaved correctly with my opponents and the public.

I must admit that it is true that I am flat-footed, though it seems that it is not my fault that this seems grotesque to Mark Kram, the author of the most offensive, inhuman and unfeeling report I have ever read about myself (*A Bearskin Bow in Frankfurt*, Sept. 25). There is a story about my feet that you should hear. These flat feet were what led me to boxing. When I was a child I was carried in my mother's arms to many different hospitals. Again and again the doctors told her they would try their best, but they could not guarantee results. For long months I lay in bed awaiting the results of different operations. As the other boys played soccer and ran on the sidewalk in front of my house I could only watch, hoping that someday I would be like them. Finally, I walked without apparent difficulty. That day I wanted to play soccer, but by then I had lost the chance to play like the others. The only alternative was to accept the fact of my lack of know-how. Many years later I found out that a doctor had told my mother that I had an inferiority complex, and it was necessary that I go to a gymnasium to try some other sport that a 15-year-old could learn. That is how I started boxing. I ask, is it fair to criticize me because of that physical defect? In any case, it is a fact that could have been used to praise my spirit.

Normally, I consider that the press is always fair. More so if it is *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, a serious and responsible magazine. But there have been several mistakes in my case. Not in the technical aspect, which I leave to the specialists, but in the personal facts that were mentioned. For instance, I never made fun of peaceful old people hearing a concert, from my window at the Kurhaus hotel in Bad Soden. I signed an agreement with Dr. Marvin Goldberg, which I respected faithfully. If there were disagreements, it was not because of unfulfillment but because of different points of view, to which I have every right. If I refused to work at Mr. Singer's restaurant kitchen, it is because I am a boxer and not a cook. Mr. Singer signed a contract with me to do bread

continued

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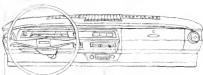
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10TH HOLE continued

my boxing career and not a gastronomical future. It is also true that there were times when I returned home with an extra bag or a new pair of shoes, but that bag and those shoes were bought with the clean money I had earned in the ring. They were no present or gift from anybody.

Regarding the rest of that nasty report, I cannot add much more, because the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter has not given objective facts to discuss. I do not think that comparing me with Ellis or Spencer can be something obscene. I admit that Mr. Kram can believe that I am not as good as any of them. That is just his opinion. My presentation card shows a categorical victory over Mildenberger, one of Clay's best rivals according to the general opinion of the world's press, in which I include that of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I would have thought it brave and opportune if Mr. Kram had stated before the fight that Mildenberger was mediocre, or if he had said the same after Cassius Clay's magnificent victory.

Finally, I object to the despicable insinuation about my personality. The report clearly leads one to think that I am a clown. I am a professional, and I do my job. Clay does the same, and nobody, not even you, dares to call him a clown. Do I harm somebody by saying that I will win against this or that rival? Whom do I offend when I state that I will be the next world champion? Nobody, I am sure.

OSCAR NATALIO BONAVENA
Buenos Aires

● Bonavena's doctor, Roberto Paladino, says that Oscar's feet were put in casts when he was 10 years old, but he has no record of any operations having been performed.—E.D.

NEW SLANT

Sirs:

In Bob Ottum's recent article, *Woe Jimmy's Be: Beautiful Win at the Glen* (Oct. 9), he made an unfortunate and inaccurate reference to John Surtees' Honda being "serviced by a battalion of Japanese mechanics, one crew to each spark plug." Lest your readers get the idea that the Honda pit at the Glen was overrun with Japanese mechanics, we would like to point out that in reality there were only three working on the Honda Formula 1 racer. These were Yoshio Nakamura, director of Honda Research & Development Co., Ltd., and Tetsuro Hagita and Haruo Kishi. In the future, if your writers need assistance in discerning the Japanese mechanics from the spectators we would be most happy to lend a slanted eye.

FRED K. SUZUKI
MICHAEL SPRINCE
GEORGE M. WAKUI

Chicago

The Glamorous Galloping Gaels of St. Mary's

Slip Madigan was as much a showman as football coach, and he brought fame to an obscure college by staging a great act with a colorful and competent team—until the money ran out by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

It is 1936 and a string of 18 Pullman and baggage cars is moving slowly eastward out of California's Moraga Valley. Were we to peep into one of the Pullmans, we might feel for a moment that we were snooping on a musical filmstage with dances by Busby Berkeley. True, Dick Powell cannot actually be seen singing to a coed, nor is Jack Oakie readily apparent, but their presence is somehow felt. If an assistant director could come by and if we were to ask him, he would tell us that this is no movie, it is simply the football team of tiny St. Mary's College setting forth once again to lay siege to another famed citadel of football and Catholicism.

St. Mary's players, though bulky enough themselves, make up only a fraction of the expeditionary force. They are accompanied by more than 200 singing, swinging businessmen, shopkeepers, secretaries and other camp followers, described as loyal fans of St. Mary's and its high-pressure coach, Edward Patrick (Slip) Madigan.

Before the introduction of regular commercial planes between California and New York, the cross-country journey consumed about four days. In addition to its sleeping, dining and reveling facilities, therefore, the St. Mary's Special contained a "gym car" equipped with rickdown tables, exercise mats, bucking machines for the linemen's use and a battery of showers.

For the latter purpose, the gym car carried its own supply of water, a commodity one was not likely to find anywhere else on the train. Madigan, the perfect host, had provided his Pullman alumni with all the trappings of an American Legion convention to beguile the tedium of an arduous journey.

At the other side of the continent, where St. Mary's was scheduled to play Fordham in the Polo Grounds, New Yorkers followed the party's progress. Wherever the train stopped, as it did in Chicago to give the players a chance to

work out on the turf at Soldier Field, bulletins were flashed to New York. This "hard news" supplemented the press releases dispatched earlier by Madigan and his imaginative press agents.

Though St. Mary's College antedated Madigan, its existence had been a well-kept secret until Slip arrived. Fewer than 100 students were enrolled there in 1920 when its football team earned a small measure of notice by losing to the University of California 127-0. The following autumn the Christian Brothers who ran the school hired Madigan to help spare it such unwanted publicity.

Slip, who had played center under Knute Rockne at Notre Dame, was a large, cocky Irishman with a booming voice and a louder wardrobe. He set to work assembling hucky young men to preserve the school's honor and a sufficient number of uniforms to clothe them. Since football players came cheaper than uniforms in those days, Madigan spent much of his early years buying up secondhand jerseys and repairing damaged cleats.

Within a year his team went down with all flags flying before powerful California 21-0. A year or two later, the frequency with which it was upsetting its better-known rivals gained St. Mary's the reputation of a "giant killer." By that time Madigan had dubbed his team "the Galloping Gaels," though his failure to secure many genuine Gaels prompted verses like these from Sports-writer George Phair.

The Harp that hangs in Tara's
Halls
Sings out in accents rich,
As Herman Meister throws the
ball
To Luben Popovich.

As increasing gate receipts enriched St. Mary's treasury, the school moved out of its dingy building in Oakland and found a bright new campus in the Moraga Valley. At the same time,

Madigan began to shun the dark phantoms worn by conventional teams of that era in favor of the wildest colors in the rainbow. He experimented with tear-away jerseys as well as the T formation. Rival coaches also accused him of concocting the "forward fumble" to pick up vital yardage.

One of Madigan's most successful creations was a character named Tom Deegan, who was invariably pulled from Slip's teeming train after one of his players had made a mistake. Deegan, Slip claimed, had been his teammate at Notre Dame, and a wonderful athlete he was. The Deegan way was the right way.

"Deegan never would have muffed that one!" Madigan would bellow at an offending Gael. "Deegan would have gotten the ball—just stolen it like he did against Michigan—and run it back for a touchdown!"

"Remember Tom Deegan!" became the rallying cry in the dressing room and on the practice field at St. Mary's. Years afterward, when a Notre Dame alumnus overheard two St. Mary's players discussing the fabled Deegan, he drew Madigan aside.

"Say, Slip, did that Deegan really win any games for Notre Dame?" he asked.

"Nope," Madigan said, "but he's won a lot of them for St. Mary's."

In 1930 Madigan arranged to play Fordham annually in New York. St. Mary's president at first objected to the plan, fearing that the players would lose too much time from their classes. But Madigan argued persuasively that the many educational opportunities such a trip presented far outweighed the loss of class time.

By 1936 the St. Mary's-Fordham game had become a football attraction in New York second only to the Army-Notre Dame game. When the special train arrived there, its passengers whooping and hollering, Madigan dispatched his players to their rooms at the Westchester Country Club. Then he took himself

continued



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Galloping Gaels *continued*

and his followers to a massive "press party" at the Waldorf. Although many of the team's ardent rooters missed seeing a football game because of what transpired at the party, Madigan made dozens of friends among both the press and those strangers who happened to wander in off the street.

There were 50,000 people in the Polo Grounds on the 1936 Saturday when the St. Mary's players, glittering in their red silk jerseys with white epaulets and their shiny green pants, rushed onto the field. Strolling proudly after them, no less resplendent, was Coach Madigan in a natty light suit, pink shirt and orange cravat.

By the end of the first period, Slip looked as rumpled as his players. Seemingly up and down the sidelines in his usual manner, ranting at the officials, pulling his hat down over his ears, he worked himself into a lather. At half time, the Fordham band formed a giant tolling bell on the field and played *The Bells of St. Mary's*. The hungover camp followers, sitting together in the upper stands, cheered wildly and rained confetti down on the sidelines.

Shortly after St. Mary's lost the game, 7-6, the special train pulled out of New York. In addition to memories of another lively visit to the Big Town, Madigan carried with him a check for \$38,824.15. This sum, St. Mary's total share of the gate receipts for the Fordham game, was collected by Madigan because the college had fallen behind in paying him his share of receipts.

"I paid Mr. Madigan," Brother Albert, the president of St. Mary's, was to say during the college's subsequent financial difficulties, "because I recognized a just debt and I recognized that he had brought certain assets to St. Mary's."

Madigan's bright creation began to flicker a year later. St. Mary's was unable to meet the payments on its new campus and nearly fell into the hands of its bondholders (partly, it was said, because Madigan's salary and bonuses, as well as the team's travel expenses, considerably exceeded the gate receipts). The college was balked out at length by the archdiocese.

Unable to carry out his educational ideas under the new directors, Madigan departed in 1940. He died last fall in Oakland. According to a line in the latest *World Almanac*, St. Mary's College has survived him.

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